



REFERENCE  
PICTURE BOOK

E910459

# Other Brownie Books

By Palmer Cox

Palmer Cox's Brownie books are unique in their whimsical cleverness and fun. His fun-making pen, his gift at jingle-turning, seem to gain in cleverness and wit with every year; and youngsters of all ages enjoy the jolly Brownies and their manifold pranks. Pictures and verse in every volume are done as only Palmer Cox knows how.

## DO YOU KNOW THEM?

The Brownies' Latest Adventures—The Brownies: Their Book—Another Brownie Book—The Brownies at Home—The Brownies Around the World—The Brownies Through the Union—Brownies Abroad—The Brownies in the Philippines—The Brownie Primer—Brownie Clown of Brownietown

Pictures on every page. Board covers in color. Price, \$1.50, each.

THE CENTURY COMPANY



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation

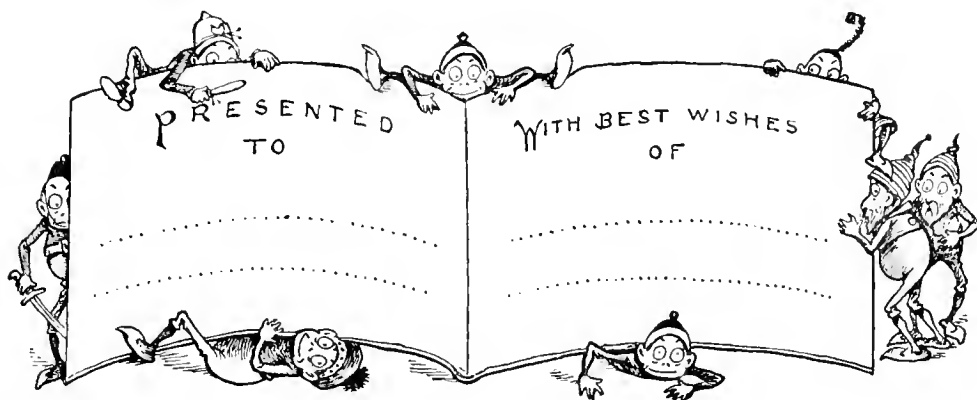
<http://www.archive.org/details/browniesmanymore00coxp>







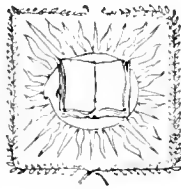
F. B. Farnsworth,  
with compliments of  
Palmer Coy.  
1913.





# THE BROWNIES MANY MORE NIGHTS

BY  
PALMER COX



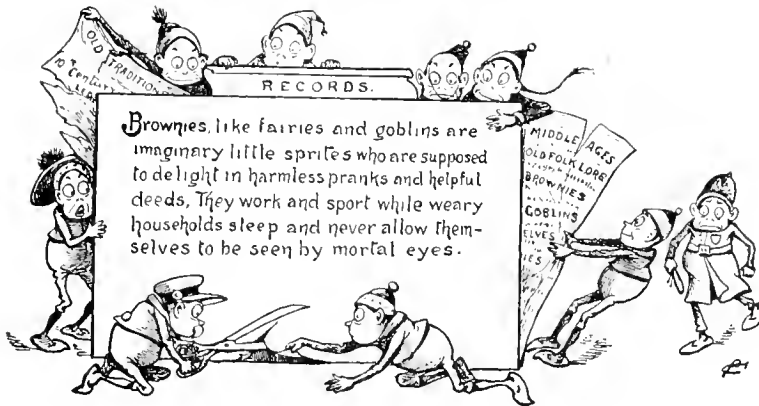
PUBLISHED BY  
THE CENTURY CO.  
NEW YORK

Copyright, 1912, 1913, by THE CENTURY CO.

*Published, September, 1913*



C

PROPERTY OF THE  
CITY OF NEW YORKCh  
E910459





# CONTENTS



PAGE

THE BROWNIES IN THE GRIST-MILL . . . 1

THE BROWNIES AND THE STALLED TRAIN



13

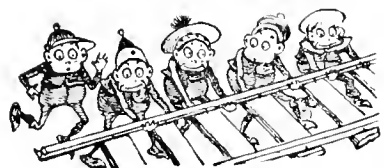


THE BROWNIES MEND THE DAM . . . 24

THE BROWNIES AT HAYMAKING .



37



# THE BROWNIES AND THE RAILROAD

49

## THE BROWNIES AID THE EXPEDITION . . .



61



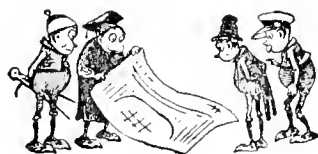
## THE BROWNIES SHEARING SHEEP . . .

73

## THE BROWNIES AND THE BURNED VILLAGE . . .

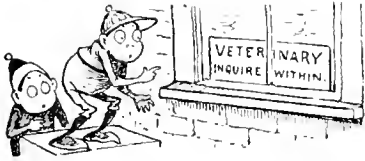


85



## THE BROWNIES BUILD A BRIDGE . . .

98

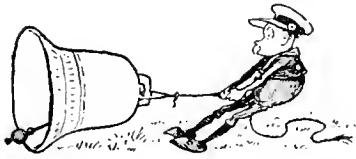


THE BROWNIES FIND WORK FOR THE  
VETERINARY . . . . . 109

THE BROWNIES AND THE ELEC-  
TRIC LIGHT PLANT . . .



121



THE BROWNIES CHRISTMAS BELLS . . . 135



BOOKS BY PALMER COX:  
PUBLISHED BY THE CENTURY CO.

## THE BROWNIES: THEIR BOOK

Quarto, 150 pages. Price, in boards, \$1.50

## ANOTHER BROWNIE BOOK

Quarto, 150 pages. Price, in boards, \$1.50

WHITE  
HOUSE



## THE BROWNIES AT HOME

Quarto, 150 pages. Price, in boards \$1.50

## THE BROWNIES AROUND THE WORLD

Quarto, 150 pages. Price, in boards \$1.50

NIAGARA  
FALLS



## THE BROWNIES THROUGH THE UNION

Quarto, 150 pages. Price, in boards, \$1.50

## THE BROWNIES ABROAD

Quarto, 150 pages. Price, in boards, \$1.50



## THE BROWNIES IN THE PHILIPPINES

Quarto, 150 pages. Price, in boards, \$1.50

## THE BROWNIES LATEST ADVENTURES

Quarto, 150 pages. Price, in boards. \$1.50



## THE BROWNIES MANY MORE NIGHTS

Quarto, 150 pages. Price, in boards, \$1.50

## THE BROWNIE CLOWN OF BROWNIETOWN

Oblong, 103 pages. Price, in boards, \$1.00

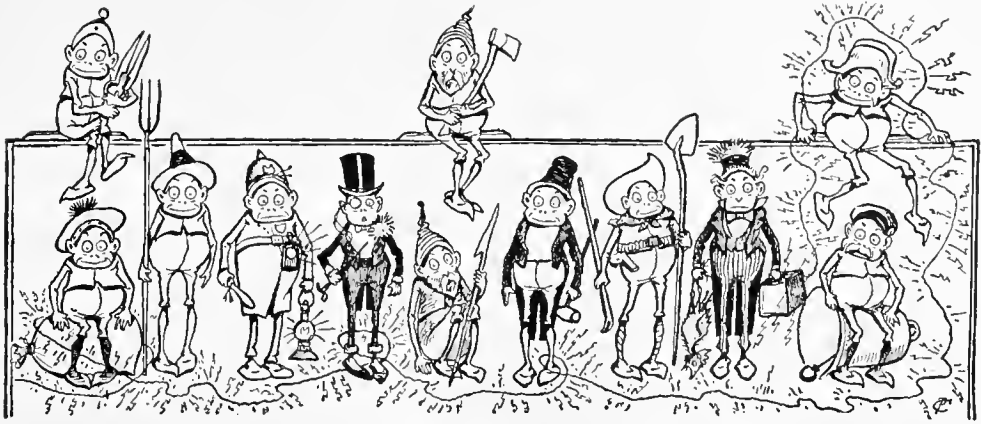
FOR THE  
WEE ONES



## THE BROWNIE PRIMER

12 mo, 108 pages. Price, in cloth, \$ .40 net.





## THE BROWNIES IN THE GRIST-MILL

ROUND the mill the Brownies strode  
Where wheels were still,

though water flowed.

Said one: "A labor strike, I fear,  
Has made it so deserted here;

And, on the belts that now  
should run,

The crafty spider's web  
is spun."

Another said: "That 's not  
the case.

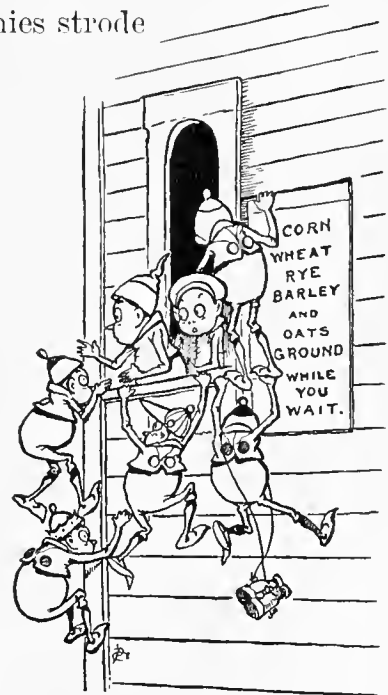
The miller here has quit  
the place

Because complaints of lack  
of skill

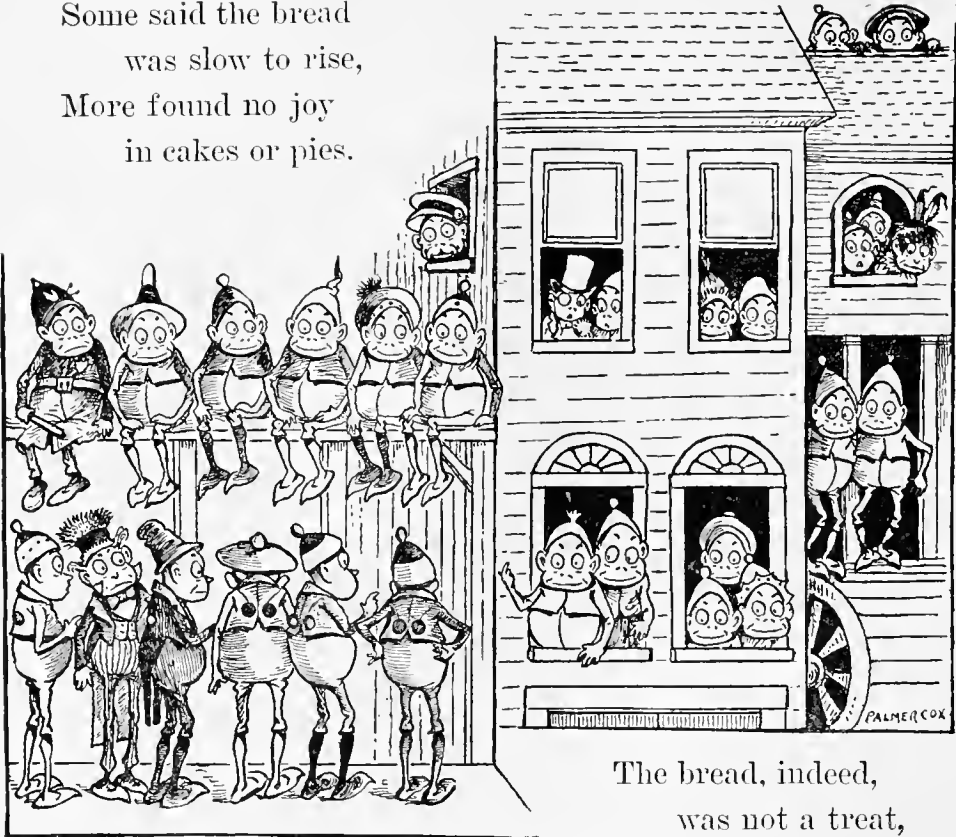
Were piled much higher than the mill.



To laugh alone may  
selfish seem,  
Let someone join you  
in the scream.



Some said the bread  
was slow to rise,  
More found no joy  
in cakes or pies.



The bread, indeed,  
was not a treat,

For frost had spoiled the farmer's wheat,  
But, that the flour might go round,  
The wheat must in the mill be ground.

The corn, no better as a crop,  
Refused to ripen, or to pop;  
And so the children felt their share  
Of hardship and misfortune there.  
The hopper must take up its clack,—  
We 'll bring the hum of business back,  
And stir the spider in her net;  
We 've several hours to midnight yet.



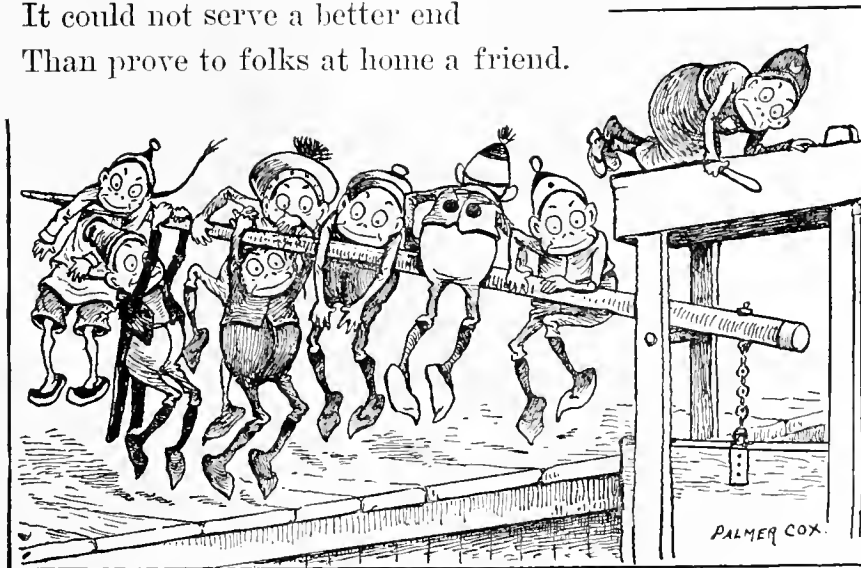
THE BROWNIES IN THE GRIST-MILL.



It is, you know, the time of year  
For puddings, cakes, and all good cheer,  
When pies should from the oven slide,  
A father's joy, a mother's pride,  
To nothing say of younger eyes,

Where quality gives way to size,  
And criticisms as to make  
Rest easy on both pie and cake.  
No second-rate, makeshift affair  
Should in the face of diners stare,  
But something that would praise inspire,  
And make one edge the table higher.  
We 'll find the grain, in cars around,  
That to some foreign land is bound ;

It could not serve a better end  
Than prove to folks at home a friend.



The Chinamen can boil their rice,  
And Filipinos live on mice,—

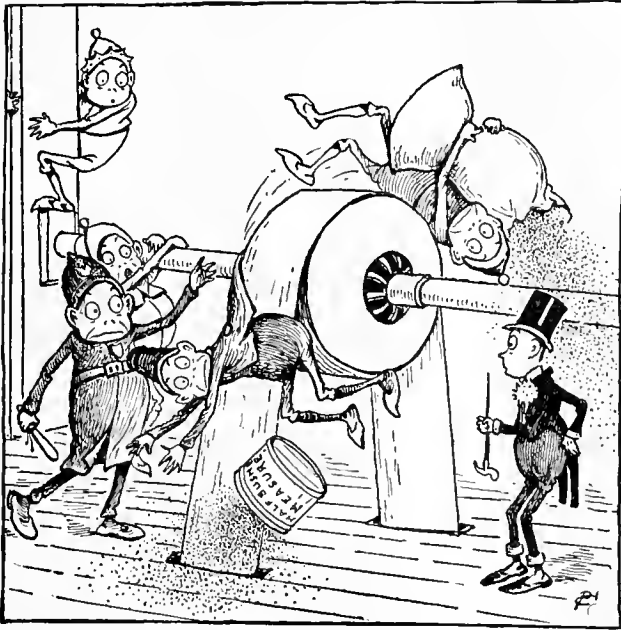
(We understand that naught can run  
Around on legs beneath the sun,  
Or crawl about in sand or clay,  
But to their kettles finds its way.)  
Let work in which we 'll take delight  
Now occupy our time to-night."  
Another cried: "We 'll start the mill,  
And set things moving with a will.  
We 've but to let the water go  
Upon the wooden wheel below,  
And everything that rests above  
Will get a most decided shove;



'Tis not in love, nor  
hate, nor bliss,  
To change some na-  
tures made amiss.

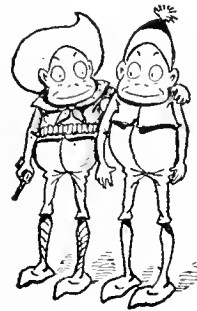
For water that goes bubbling by  
Contains a power that makes things fly.  
The belts will then commence their race,  
As though to find a hiding-place,  
The idle cogs begin to mesh,  
And start each other's work afresh,  
And soon you 'll hear the rumbling sound  
The miller hears the season round."  
Some ran for oil with eager zeal,  
And with it eased the whirring wheel.





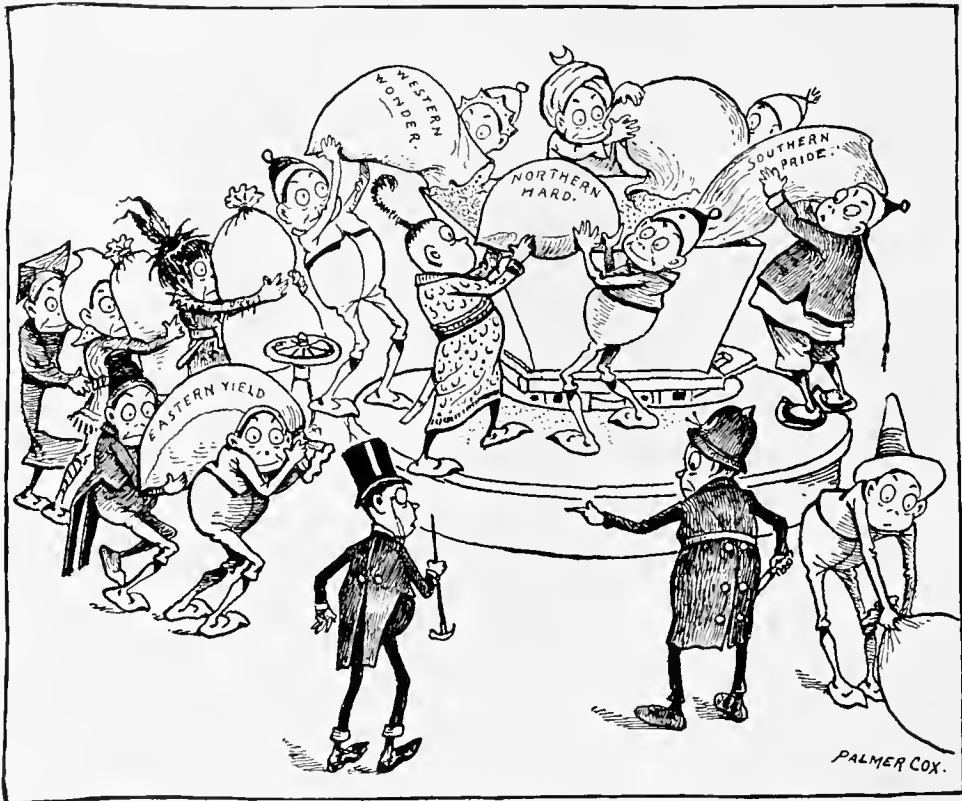
Though some was lost  
through leaky cans,  
'T was not enough  
to spoil their plans,  
And rusty bearings  
here and there  
Ran as if cushioned  
on the air.  
The mill, with heavy  
post and beam,  
That stood half-way  
across the stream,  
Was made to start  
at dead of night,  
Before the touch of  
Brownies bright;

For they knew how the gate to raise  
As if they 'd done it all their days;  
Could shake the bolt, and pick the stone,  
And run the business as their own.  
United effort was required  
To raise the gate as they desired,  
But let alone the Brownie band  
To carry out a scheme as planned!  
Unfinished work is seldom found  
Behind the sprites when day comes round.  
It may take strength, it may take weight,  
It may take action more than great,  
But gates will rise, and floods will flow,  
And wheels will turn, as well we know.



THE BROWNIES IN THE GRIST-MILL.

It takes good work to run a mill,  
For hands may never long be still;



And eyes must note when oiling dries  
Or hoppers clatter for supplies.

But with the Brownies at the task,  
The mill itself no more could ask.  
For every worker had his toil,  
And every bearing had its oil,  
While every belt was tight with strain,  
And every hopper heaped with grain.  
In such a place, with wheels at play,  
'T was hard to tell where danger lay;



On shafts and belts, when off their guard,  
 A few went through some trials hard,  
 And, but that friends with

courage grand

And action prompt were  
 near at hand,

They might have needed  
 some repair

To bones as well as  
 outer wear.

A few who, in their secret way,  
 Had watched the miller,  
 day by day

In summer-time, when grists  
 were slow

And fish were running to  
 and fro,

Came from the mill to try  
 their fate,

With hook and line and  
 squirming bait

And quick to take the  
 miller's stand

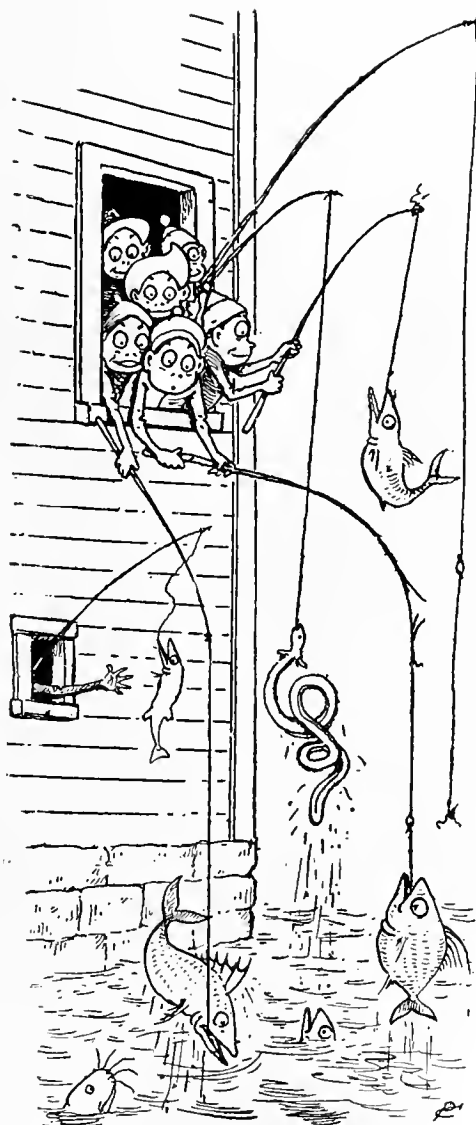
They brought some handsome  
 fish to land

And little cared if trout  
 they took

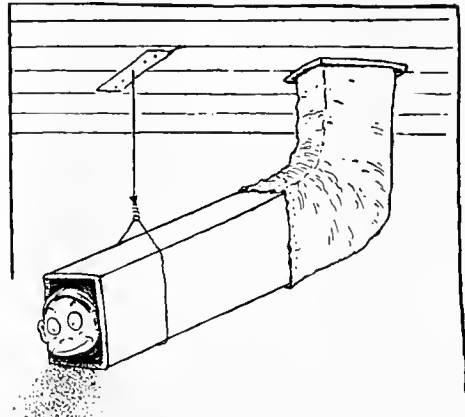
Or pickerel dangled from the hook.

Said one: "A touch of sport you 'll find

Well rooted in a Brownie's mind,



A pleasure-seeking trait  
that will  
Assert itself through  
trials still.  
And that is well; why should  
one toil  
Nor lift his eyes above  
the soil?

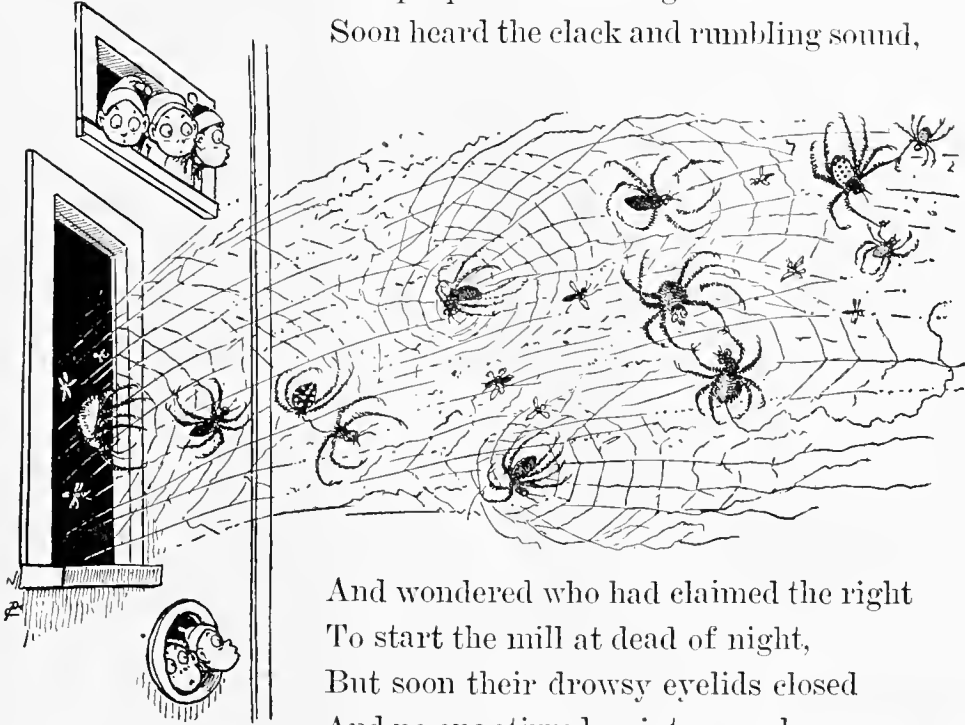


Where we both work  
and sport unite  
We play our Brownie's  
part aright."  
The wheels and mill stones  
had no rest  
Since first they started at their best,

The belts and pulleys  
on the tear  
Created such a gust  
of air  
The spiders that in  
waiting hung  
Were through the open  
windows flung,  
With scattered legs from  
bodies sheared,  
In groups and pairs  
they disappeared,



And never after spun a snare  
To catch a wandering insect there.  
The people in the village round  
Soon heard the clack and rumbling sound,



And wondered who had claimed the right  
To start the mill at dead of night,  
But soon their drowsy eyelids closed  
And no one stirred or interposed.

A Brownie said: "At times we find  
It hard on body and on mind  
To carry through the tasks aright  
That beckon us from pleasures bright;  
But often people seem to need  
A hint from elves by word or deed,  
When fires burn low for want of wood  
Or pantry-shelves lack something good,  
When human hands are prone to rest,  
Or lost the key of treasure chest."

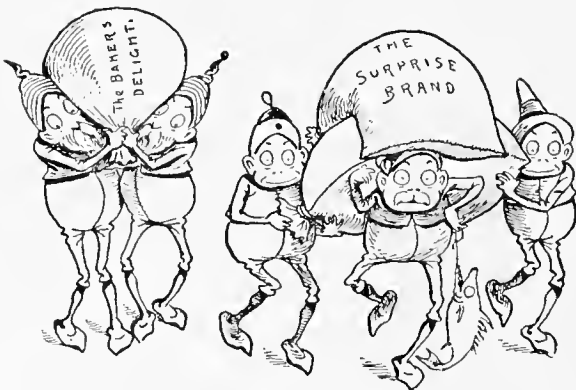


Look where you will  
you'll find a few  
Who with good deeds  
are beating you.

The story goes, next morning found  
A full supply of bushels ground;  
And better still, nigh every door  
In all the place, two bags or more



Of flour as fine as one could wish  
Were standing ready for the dish;  
And then such pudding, pie, and cake  
They carried not a pain nor ache!

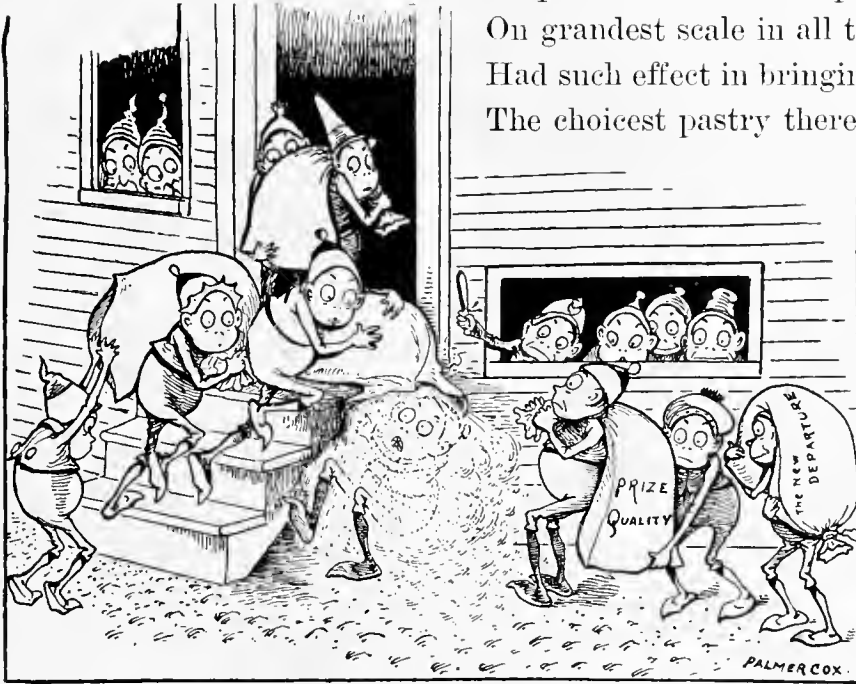


Then cookies rolled  
without a stop,  
Like buttons in  
a tailor shop,  
Upon the table, chair,  
and floor,  
And still the fingers  
spread for more.  
The children from the  
blankets crawled,

THE BROWNIES IN THE GRIST-MILL.

The babies in their cradles bawled  
To take a hand at mixing flour  
The Brownies ground through mystic power.

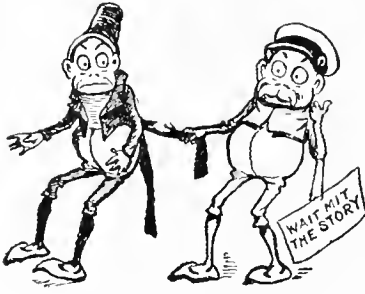
No picnic that was ever planned  
On grandest scale in all the land,  
Had such effect in bringing out  
The choicest pastry thereabout.



From house to house the greeting flew,  
"Oh, are you at it? good for you!  
I never knew until this hour  
Just what it meant to have good flour!"



The hands that scarce had been in dough  
Since Christmas time, a year ago,  
Now caught the inspiration new  
And all their force to kneading threw,



All white to shoulders  
was each dame  
As from the flour bag she came  
To add another batch of stuff  
To what already seemed enough.  
Men talked and tried to catch  
the drift  
Of such a strange, unlooked-for  
gift,

Some called to mind the rack-a-tack,  
That through the night kept slumber back,  
But never guessed the Brownie band  
Had in the matter moved a hand.





# THE BROWNIES AND THE STALLED TRAIN



TRAIN was stalled a mile or more  
From where it should have  
brought its store  
Of goods, to meet the great demand  
With holidays so close at hand.  
The engine scarcely could be found  
'Mid drifting snow that piled around;



The engine had quit his lever  
Until the men made some endeavor

THE BROWNIES AND THE STALLED TRAIN.

To give the iron horse a show  
Upon the track beneath the snow.  
By chance the Brownies reached the scene  
At evening, as the moon serene  
Was struggling through the snowy cloud  
That wrapped the mountain like a shroud.  
Said one, "We 'll lay aside our play,  
And turn to work without delay,



For here 's a case will try our powers  
And all the skill we count as ours.  
The minutes let us now improve.  
This engine with its train must move,



Don't be afraid, how-  
ever grand,  
To do the task with  
your own hand.

Or, failing this, express and freight  
And baggage must no longer wait,  
Though every Brownie, on his back,  
Shall carry to the town a pack."  
Some tried to dig the engine out  
From drifts that lay in heaps about,  
Though small the promise that the scheme  
Would end in furnace-fire or steam.  
But who can gage or understand  
The power of a mystic hand

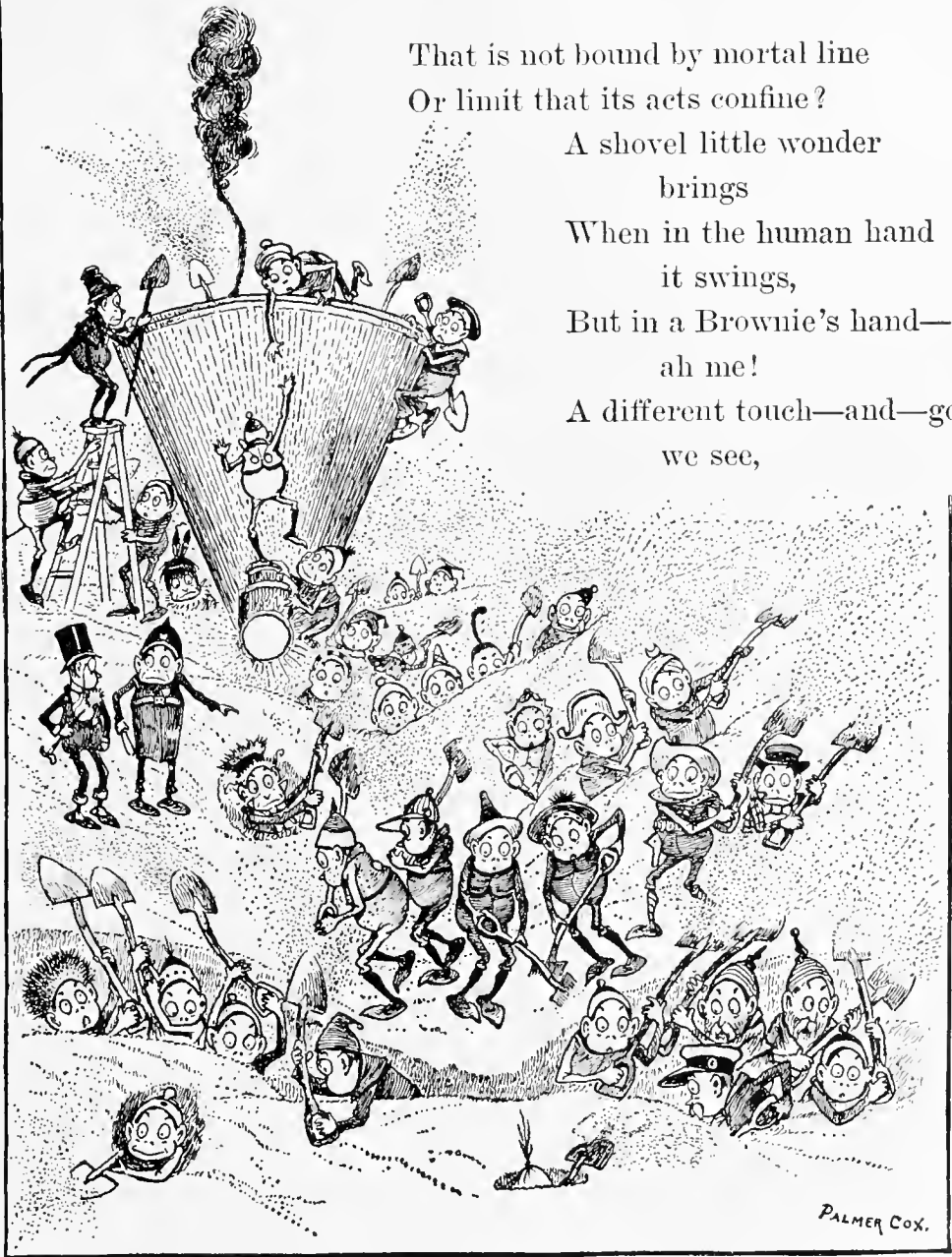
That is not bound by mortal line  
Or limit that its acts confine?

A shovel little wonder  
brings

When in the human hand  
it swings,

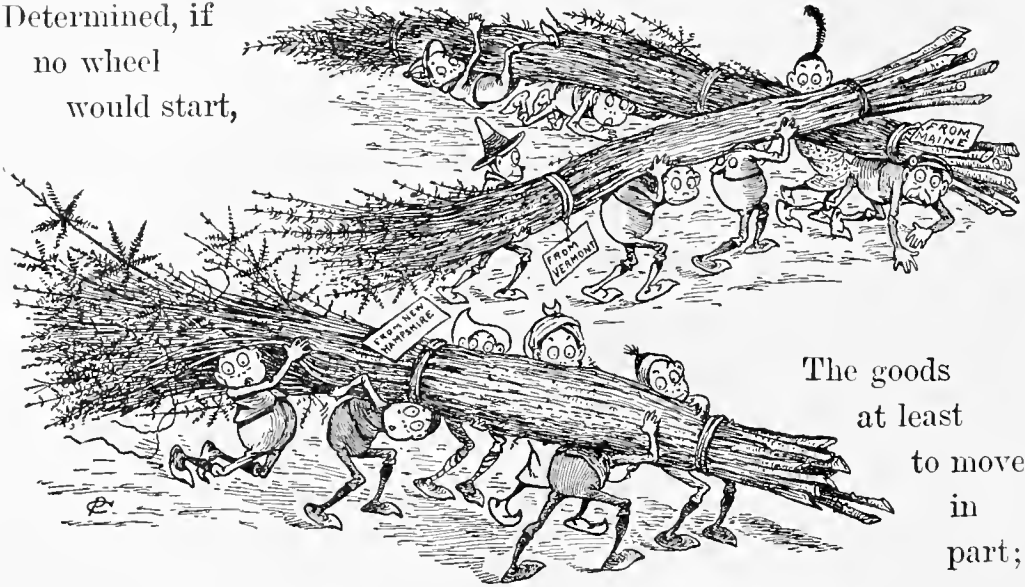
But in a Brownie's hand—  
ah me!

A different touch—and—go  
we see,



And snow-plows, rotary or straight,  
Surpass it only in their weight.

But all were not with drifts content,  
For some to freight and baggage bent,  
Determined, if  
no wheel  
would start,



The goods  
at least  
to move  
in  
part;

They gathered from the cars with speed  
What every town is apt to need,



Especially that time of year  
When feasts and presents  
should appear,—  
Supplies to fill the  
pantry shelf,  
And toys to make one  
hug himself,  
The pussy-cat, the horse  
and cart,  
The jumping-jack,  
that makes one  
start,

The evergreens in bundles all  
Tied up with care for home and hall,  
Some towering high, some small in size,  
But all to give a glad surprise,  
And bring the clap of childish hand,  
And wonder at the scene so grand;



The pig, presented as a gift,  
To give some farmer friend a lift,  
And proving, by his plaintiff squeals,  
'T was rather long between his meals.



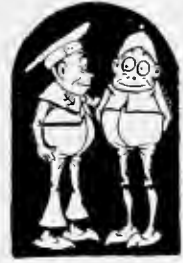
" 'T is strange,"  
said one, "what  
things you  
find

In cars filled by the human kind;

Potatoes from Bermuda brought,  
And fish around Newfoundland caught,  
The broken tackle showing plain  
Their elders' lessons were in vain."

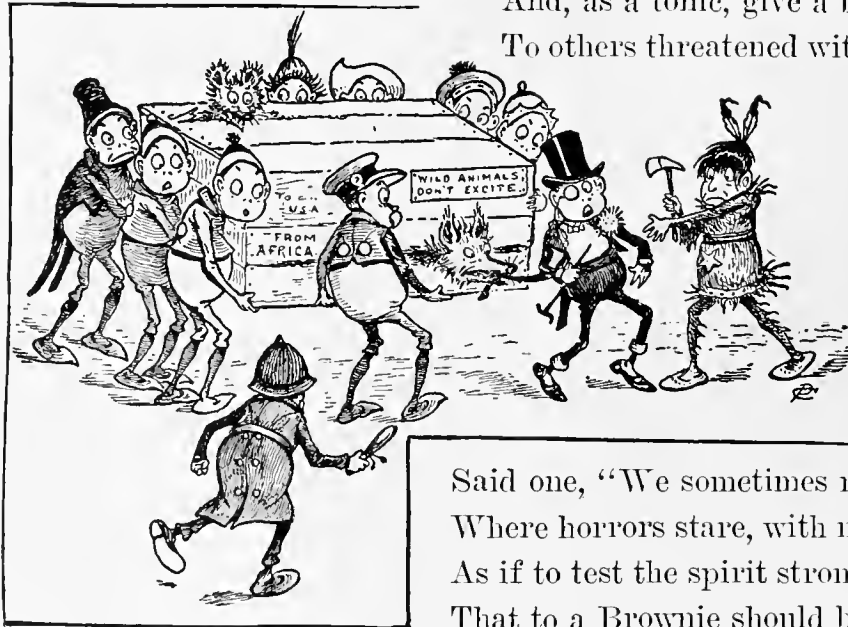


Some things came loose  
when boxes tipped  
That for menageries  
were shipped,  
And, for a moment,  
it seemed plain



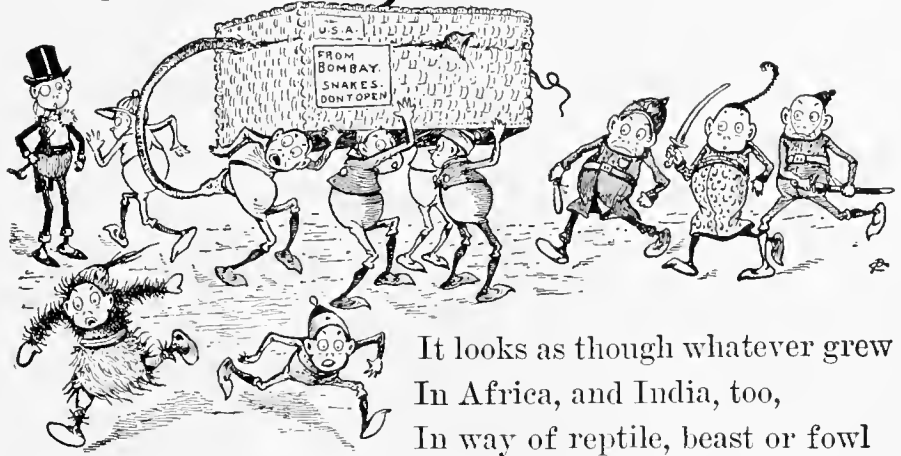
The broth may be all  
one could wish  
But careless souls up-  
set the dish.

That panic would a foothold gain;  
And it took courage of the best  
To shove things back into the nest.  
For some have daring that will rise  
Superior to the shock that tries,  
And, as a tonic, give a brace  
To others threatened with disgrace.



Said one, "We sometimes reach a scene  
Where horrors stare, with naught between,  
As if to test the spirit strong  
That to a Brownie should belong;

And though some stagger, in the main  
We 're equal to the greatest strain."



It looks as though whatever grew  
In Africa, and India, too,  
In way of reptile, beast or fowl  
Was there to hiss and scream, and howl,  
Brought from a tropic clime, a few  
Were to the zero weather new,



To nothing say of freaks at hand  
That prosper in our native land.  
And, sluggish from the wintry air,  
Made little stir or trouble there,



While others, roused  
and stuffed  
with ire,  
Seemed full of action  
as of fire.

Fine fruit was there brought many miles  
In vessels from far distant isles,  
And it went hard, in all their haste,  
To pass it on without a taste,



Though ere the task was done, in truth,  
Or things beyond the reach of tooth,





Some had a better knowledge won  
Of fruit that felt the tropic sun.



If labor with delight  
proceeds  
Then little sympathy  
one needs.

"'T is well," said one,  
"the night is long  
Till sounds the cheerful  
breakfast gong,  
For Brownie hands have  
much to do  
Before our heavy job is through.  
The work, as old traditions tell,  
That we begin, we finish well;

THE BROWNIES AND THE STALLED TRAIN.

The time seems fitted to the task,  
And nothing more could Brownies ask."

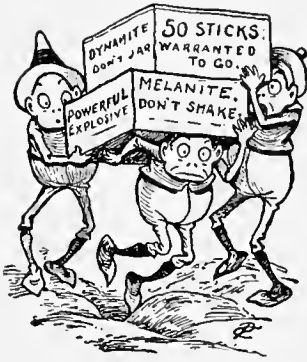


So box and bundle, crate and can,  
Were moved according to their plan,

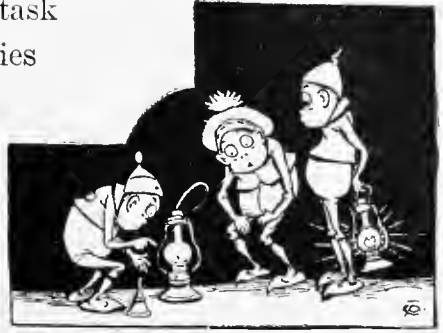


While in the drifts the engine stood  
And would not move for bad or good,  
No bell in front, no "toot" behind,  
Gave warning of a change of mind.

THE BROWNIES AND THE STALLED TRAIN.



But at their task  
the Brownies  
kept,  
And moved  
the goods  
while  
people  
slept,

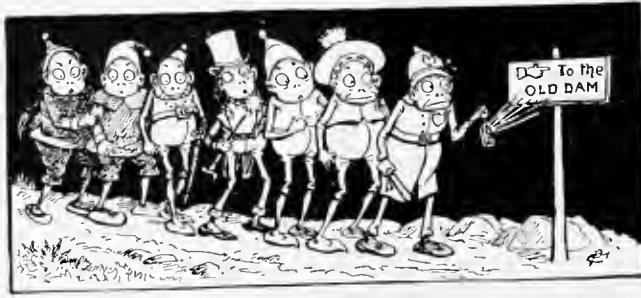


Till in the station, safely piled,  
With creatures of the wood and wild,



The merchandise of every name  
Was ready for the owners' claim.





## THE BROWNIES MEND THE DAM

**A**S Brownies talked in spirits good,  
 Beside a broken dam they stood,  
 To watch the water as it flew  
 From many holes the timbers through.  
 Said one: "The noise that strikes the ear  
 Would tell that something 's lacking here,  
 If one had not an eye to see  
 The water spouting out so free;

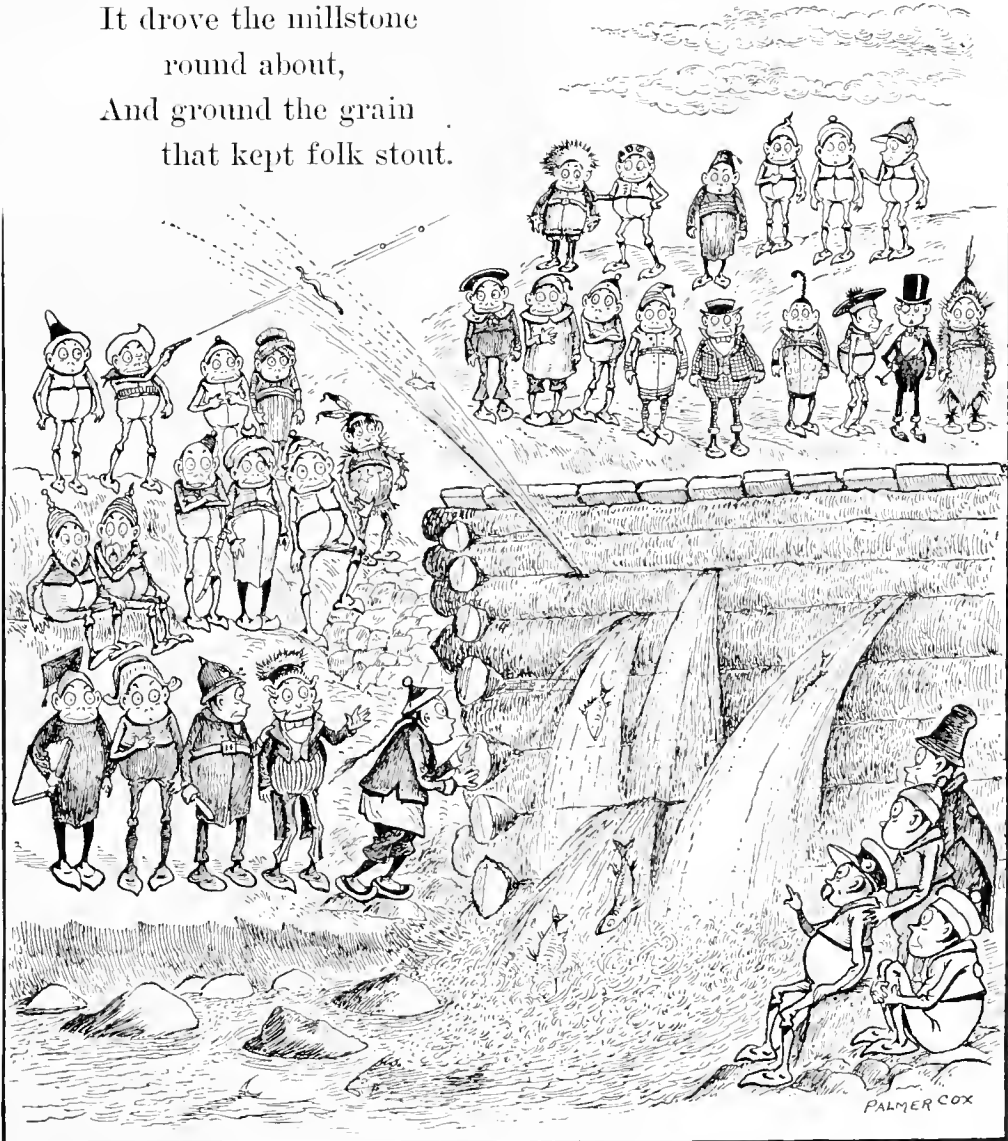


'T is not enough to  
 laws obey,  
 You must do more, or  
 lose your way.

It surely finds no lack of room  
 To make escape without the flume,  
 Where it 's supposed  
 to lie and wait  
 With patience till they  
 raise the gate."  
 Another said: "This  
 dam supplied  
 The needs of all the  
 country wide;



It drove the millstone  
round about,  
And ground the grain  
that kept folk stout.



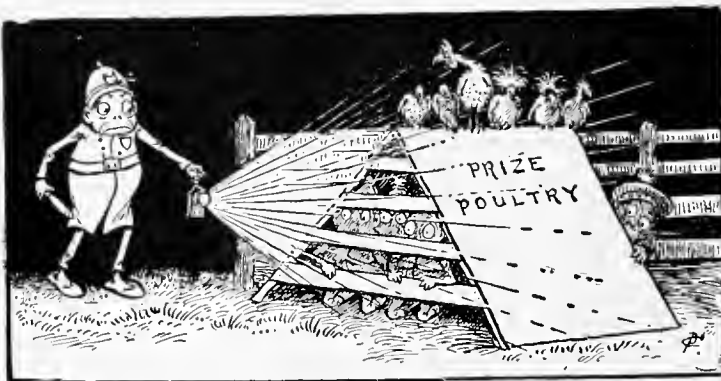
From Grandsire, with his gruel bowl,  
To Baby, learning how to roll.  
It made the saw play up and down,  
And furnish lumber for the town

To build its homes so  
snug and warm,  
And give protection  
from the storm."  
A third exclaimed:  
"Now here 's  
a task  
That will have all  
that one  
could ask,



Who seeks distinction to attain,  
In way of struggle and of strain!  
And I, for one, don't want to miss  
Or put aside a chance like this.

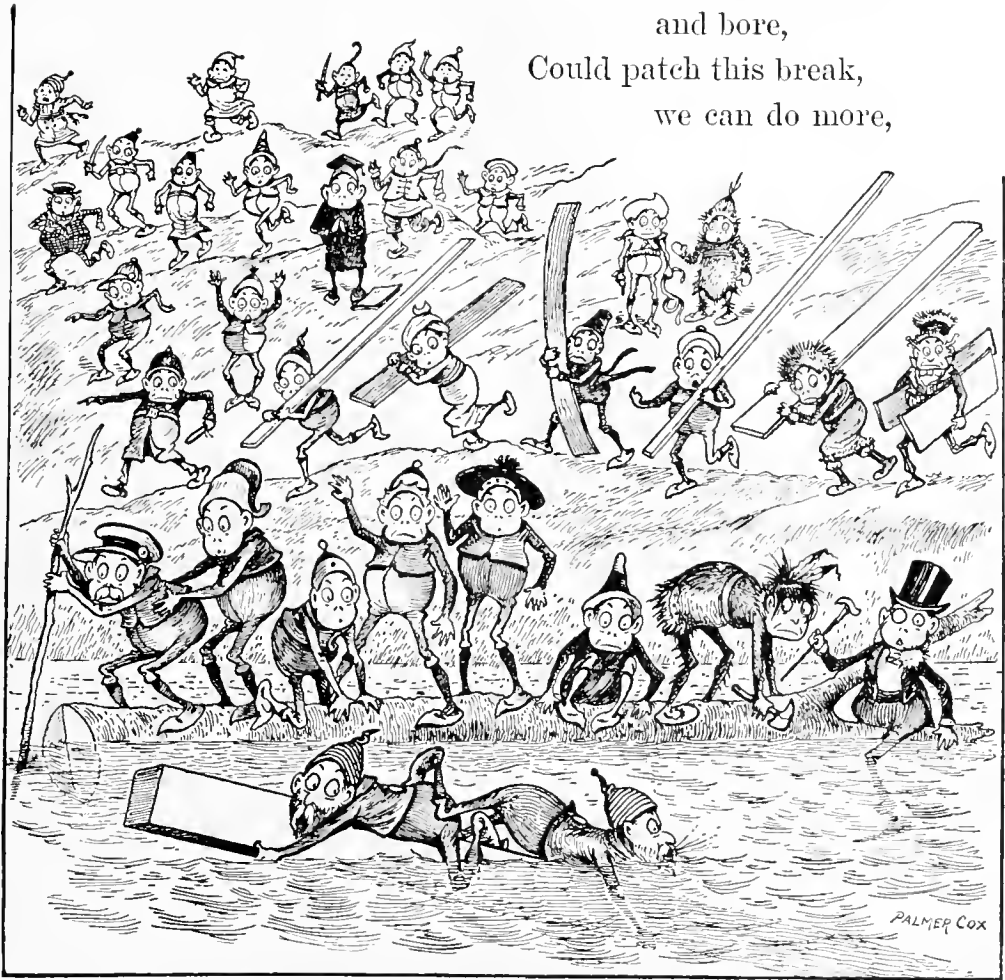
We all can see there 's danger here,  
For even us, who never fear;  
And, if a river talks at all,  
Quite plainly says this waterfall,  
'Begin, begin, to stop the leaks,  
You 'll need no other bath for weeks.'



But where the  
human kind  
would dread  
To make a move,  
we push ahead,  
And in this way  
the honor win  
That only comes  
from wading in.

THE BROWNIES MEND THE DAM.

If men with chisel, saw,  
and bore,  
Could patch this break,  
we can do more,



Because their skill is ours, too,  
Besides some gifts they never knew.”  
What need we, with our knowledge great  
Of Brownie band, do more than state  
The task was soon commenced with zest,  
And every member did his best.

THE BROWNIES MEND THE DAM.

The work begun was work indeed,  
Of all their strength they felt the need,  
Of skill to plan, and power to stick  
Or make a leap both sure  
and quick,



For water, if there be enough  
And running fast, is dangerous stuff,  
And those who went above the flow  
Were not more safe than those below.



'T was hard above to check the rush,  
And hard below to meet the gush;  
And some were troubled by the fish  
That at the moment had a wish



To take advantage of the flow  
To reach the ocean miles below;  
If pleasure had been their intent,  
Instead of patching up a rent,



What's art or skill  
unless employed  
In some good way,  
where work's en-  
joyed?

They would have found the fishing fine  
Without the aid of hook or line.  
The logs, that down the stream they ran  
To aid in working out their plan,  
Were seldom checked at boom or bar  
And, to their sorrow, went too far,  
While Brownies with the sticks were tossed,  
And for a time were counted lost,  
For logs rolled over as they ran,  
And changed at once the Brownies' plan,  
By keeping heads a foot below  
Where it was thought the feet would go.

THE BROWNIES MEND THE DAM.

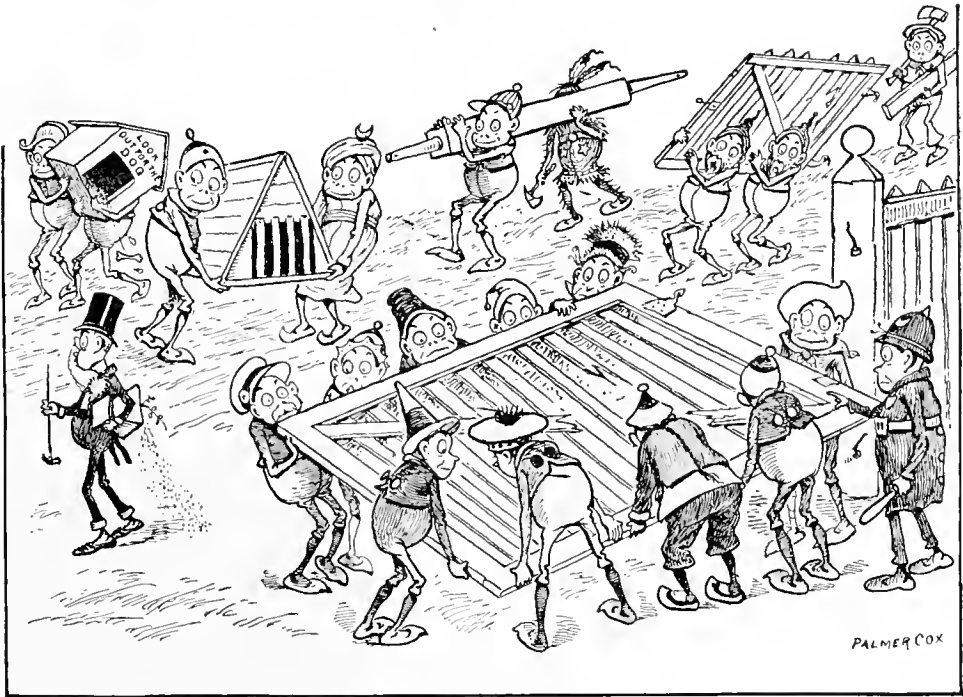
Some might have laughed who saw the sight,  
But there 's no fun in such a plight.  
Some bravely faced the danger great,  
While more went backward to their fate,  
And on the timbers round or square  
That they had shaped with art and care,



There was no moment, do their best,  
When one could let his prudence rest.

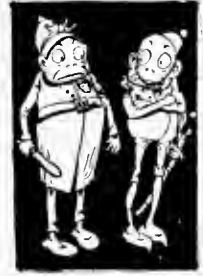
THE BROWNIES MEND THE DAM.

'T would have been painful to behold  
If one knew not traditions old,



That Brownie people can win through  
The trials that would us undo.  
There is no mourning at the home  
When they lose breath beneath the foam,  
Or grieving at the fireplace,  
If they are missing for a space.  
They 're up and active as a clock  
Nor ever suffer from the shock,  
Or they would not for years have run  
From page to page as they have done.  
A mortal scarce can comprehend  
The energy they all expend

To carry out their plans entire,  
That failure may not mock desire.  
Like bees in hive, or ants in hill,  
They show a common stir and will,  
And though at times they crowded seem,  
They 're only working out their scheme,  
Each calculation made aright  
To reach success and honor bright;  
If one should judge them ere they 're through,  
While all 's confusion and to do,  
You 'd think success would never crown  
Such crazy acts, or bring renown.

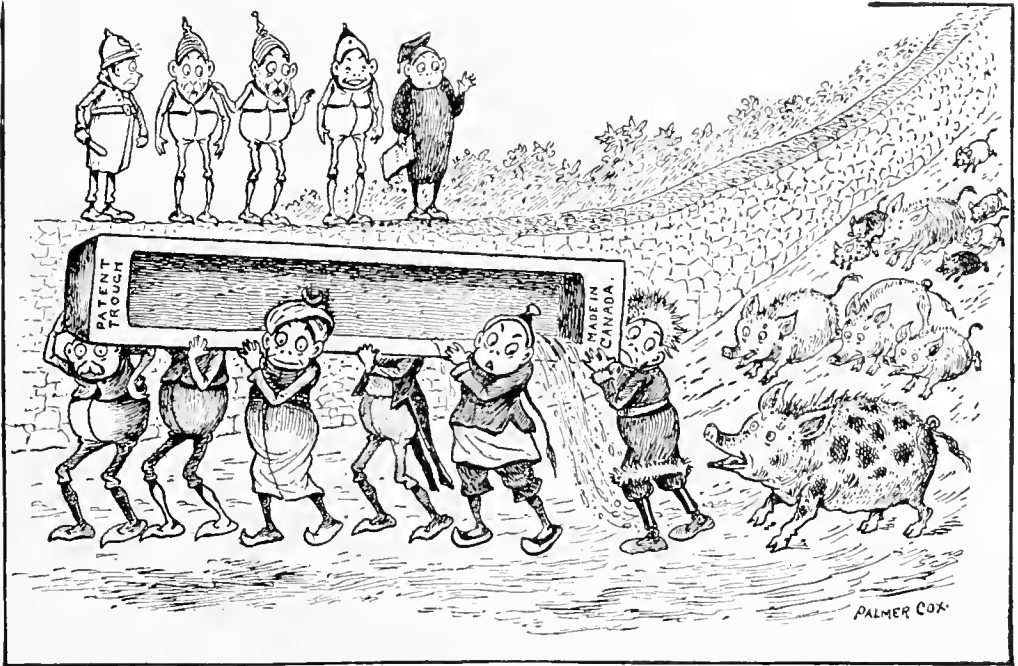


At such a time advice is lost,  
As all have plans and won't be bossed,

But carry out as firm  
as stone  
The part each thinks  
to be his own.  
Strange things were into  
service press'd  
That in their hurry  
promised best,

And few the objects that escaped  
Their eyes, if they were rightly shaped,  
Or could with labor small be made  
To stop a leak if rightly laid.  
They used some gates that long had swung  
A welcome wide to old and young,  
But now were sagging in their place  
With faithless hinge and broken brace.

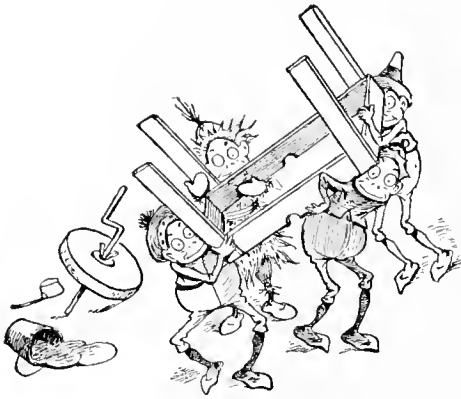
The wooden troughs from pigs they drew  
Before their evening meal was through,



And bore them off to stop a leak  
Ere morning showed a crimson streak,  
While disapproval, loud and shrill,  
Came from the swine that lost their will.

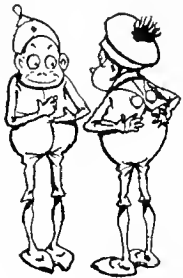


Escaping thus from pen and bars  
They followed, squealing to the stars,  
For pigs, however ill they feel  
Are never known to miss a meal.  
No doubt it gave the Brownies pain,  
To hear the creatures squeal in vain,  
For still they harbor feelings fine,  
With due regard for even swine,



But their demand for wood was great,  
And little timber blessed the State,  
The band, besides, had not the power  
To fell the trees; within that hour  
And so, in spite of all the din,  
The piggy's patent trough went in.  
The task was hard, and tried the best,  
And all were anxious for a rest,  
But that was not the place to stay  
And face the coming glare of day.

The work might show, as show it did  
Ere hand could move or tongue forbid,  
While men were dreaming of their spoil  
The active sprites pursued their toil,  
And caused surprise extending wide  
Around the country every side,  
The people gathered, as they will,  
When rumors every section fill,  
Each farmer something seemed to spy  
That looked familiar to his eye,  
But how it got beneath the flood,  
Supporting stones or stopping mud



THE BROWNIES MEND THE DAM.

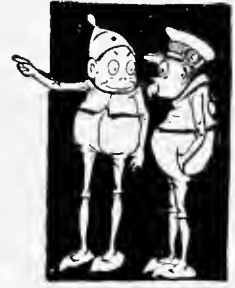
Was more than men could well make out  
However long they stayed about.  
But grain was sowed, and corn was hoed,  
And harvest in the barn was stowed,  
And still the story of the way  
That dam was patched, 'tween day and day,  
Could neither satisfy nor tire  
The listener by the gate or fire.



So those who still had strength to spare  
To weaker comrades gave their care,  
For some were heated, some were chilled,  
And some with aches and pains were filled,

THE BROWNIES MEND THE DAM.

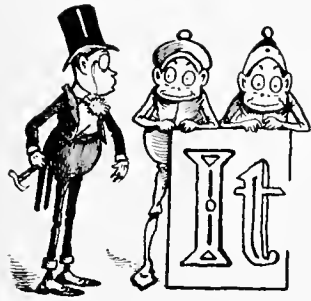
While more had bruises, or were sore  
With work they never tried before;  
The Brownies, when they aid a friend,  
No commonplace assistance lend.  
To share one's burden and his grief  
Is counted comfort and relief,  
But when the Brownies have a chance  
They make a more humane advance,  
And in their zeal to serve an elf  
Take up his trouble and himself.  
They all were glad to bring a close  
To work, before the people rose,  
They hastened to a safe retreat  
Where no surprises they would meet,  
However bright the day might be,  
Or mortals hope to find the key.



If you are faithful at  
your task,  
Time will grant you  
what you ask.



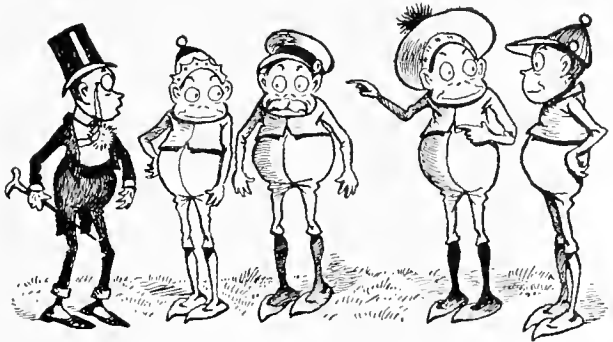




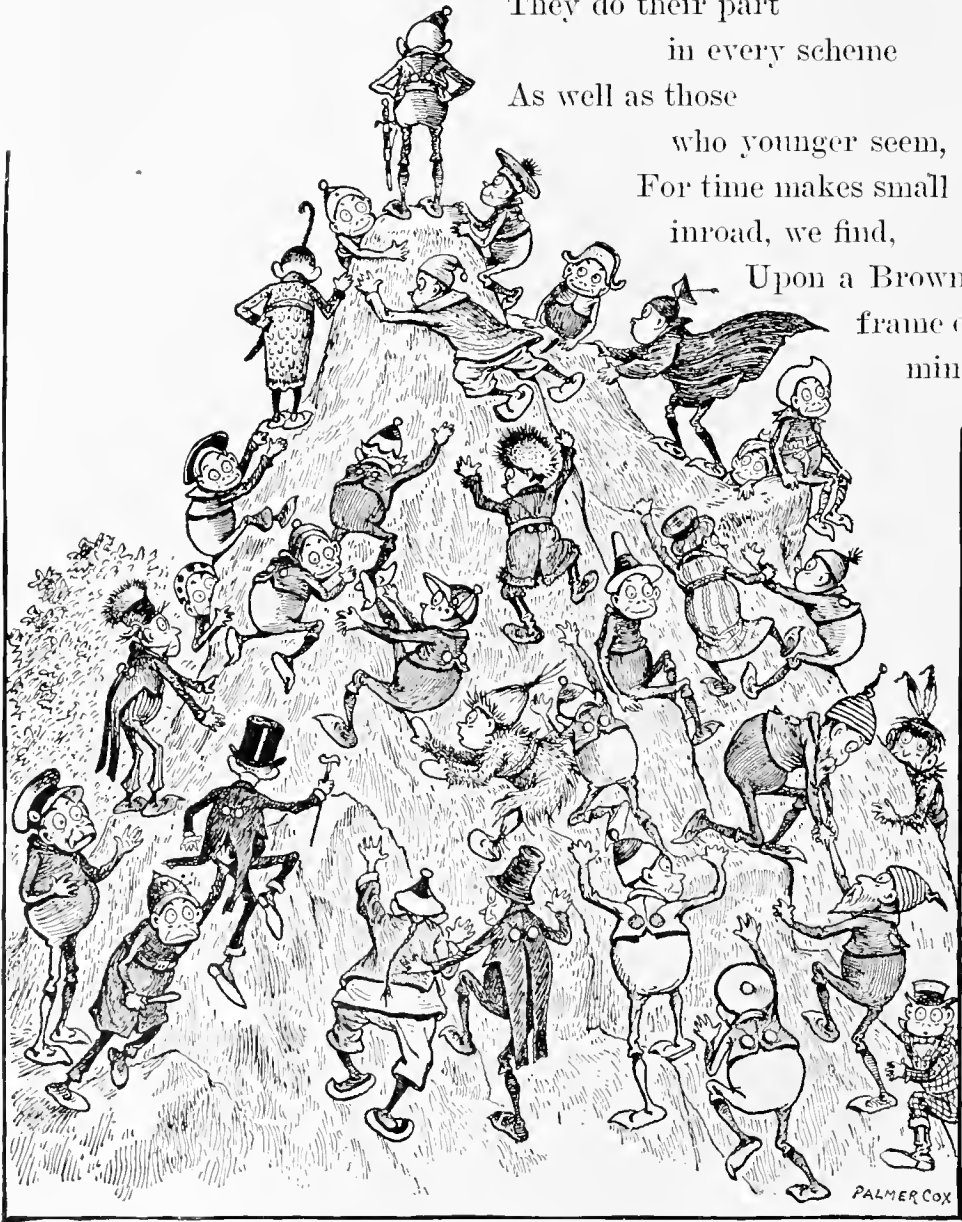
## THE BROWNIES AT HAYMAKING

WAS a season wet that tried  
 The farmers' patience far and wide,  
 The hay was fine but rain too free  
 Fell from each cloud that left the sea,  
 Till people sat inside the door  
 And watched their meadows flooding o'er,  
 When Brownies, passing through at dark,  
 The sad condition paused to mark.

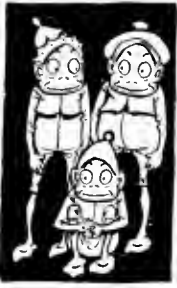
Within the margin  
 of a wood,  
 That crowned a peak,  
 the Brownies stood.  
 The old without a pant  
 or puff  
 Climbed up the hill  
 though steep  
 and rough.



They do their part  
in every scheme  
As well as those  
who younger seem,  
For time makes small  
inroad, we find,  
Upon a Brownie's  
frame or  
mind,



Though mortals may grow old and lame,  
The Brownies will remain the same.



The dulllest cloud  
that 's o'er us  
whirled  
May have a fire could  
light the world.

Said one: "To-day was fairly bright,  
The sun got in its touch all right,  
And hay that 's lying round us now  
Would look far better in the mow;  
Especially this piece, I 'm sure,  
Owned by a farmer old and poor.  
If this is lost to him, good-by  
To half his winter months' supply!  
There will be bellowing in the stall  
When hunger waits the farmer's call,  
If rick and manger lack the hay  
The beasts have waited for all day.  
Now who is ready to begin  
To help and put this fodder in?"

Another said, "Not here alone  
You 'll work where goodness  
should be shown,  
For everyone can see  
with you  
Where duty lies, and  
what 's to do."  
The midnight pleasures  
they had planned,  
Before they reached  
this piece of land,



Were for the time put out of mind  
And head and hand to work inclined.  
Some knew how forks felt in the hands,  
Had handled rakes in other lands,



Some could in bundles  
roll the hay,  
Until great forkfuls  
waiting lay,  
While more could pitch  
to any height  
And others build  
the load aright.  
On carts they did not  
all depend,  
But everything that  
help could lend



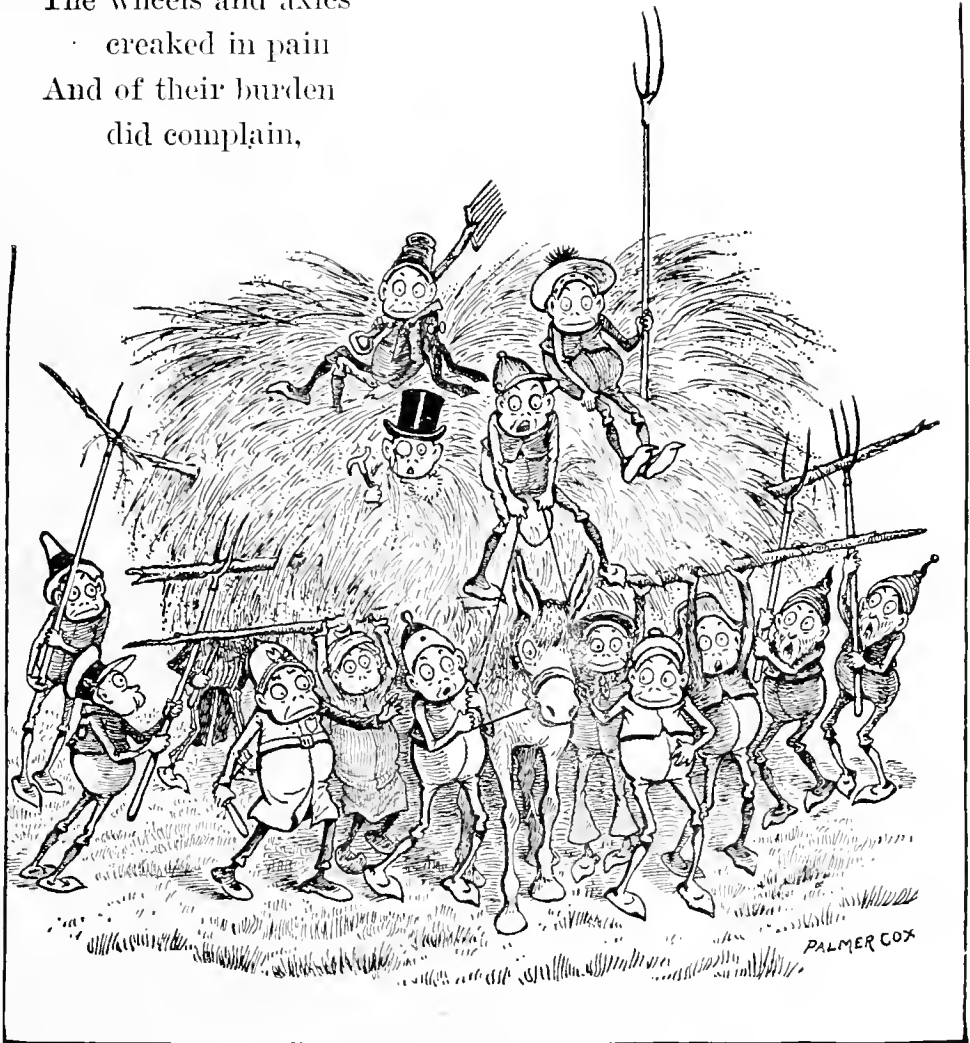
Was pressed that night to do its share,  
Till many stalls were empty there.  
A supernatural gift can bring  
Muscles to break the strongest thing,  
And snapping ash or maple round  
Was on the field a common  
sound.

But what 's  
a broken tine  
or tooth,  
Or even  
splintered  
head forsooth,  
When some black  
cloud is swinging near



Intent on drenching every spear?  
Some forks gave out beneath the weight  
And rakes were brought to ruin's gate.

The wheels and axles  
    creaked in pain  
And of their burden  
    did complain,



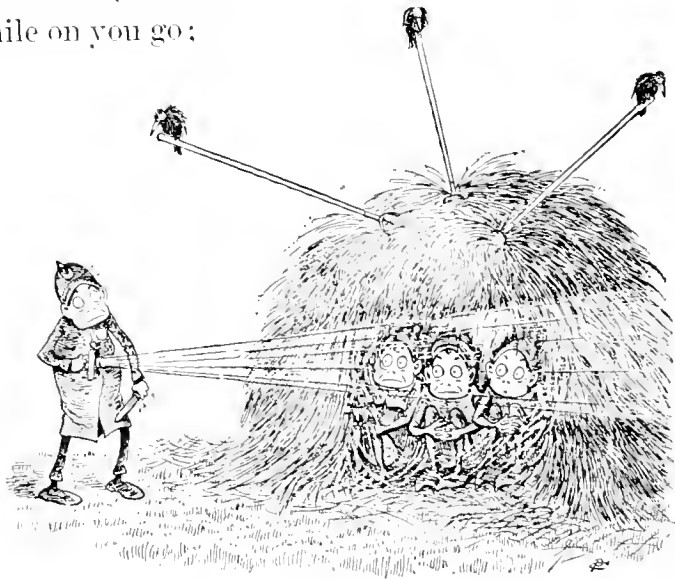
Till some old spokes thought it was just  
And proper to betray their trust,  
And it took coaxing on the part  
Of Brownies to keep up their heart.  
A little sprinkle threatening more,  
The workers feared a great downpour,



And ne'er was hay put out  
of sight  
In barns so quickly as  
that night,—  
Pile after pile, load  
after load,  
Was carted down the  
muddy road.  
One Brownie said, "My  
load was built

In proper shape, but got a tilt  
Which changed the nature and the plan  
When o'er that pile of stones we ran.  
'T is hard enough to build, you know,  
On level ground, while on you go:

But harder still for  
man or sprite  
When climbing over  
all in sight."  
Some ran through  
puddles in  
the road  
Where wheels were  
hid beneath  
the load.  
Sunk deep in mud  
and sticky clay



But safe and dry they kept the hay.  
Said one, "We can't save all the crop  
In the short time we have to stop.

THE BROWNIES AT HAYMAKING.

Or that the beasts, ere winter 's by,  
Will wish had reached the manger dry.



But that to which our efforts bend  
Will count for something in the end.  
A little here, a little there,  
Is better than a hay-mow bare."  
If farmers could such servants find  
To keep their interests in mind,  
And work till tired enough to drop,  
To save from harm a threatened crop,

THE BROWNIES AT HAYMAKING.

With one consent and one desire,  
From business they could soon retire.  
To try and keep the hay in place  
Around the load some had to race,  
And with the forks and rakes applied  
Kept careful guard on every side;



While more, to keep it packed and press'd,  
Upon the load found place to rest,  
And while performing service good  
Enjoyed the ride as well they could.  
But had there been more stakes to which  
They could have clung when came a pitch,





There might have  
been more  
time for  
play  
And less alarm  
along the  
way.

Some blocked the  
doors with  
loads below

That took up  
time to  
safely stow,  
But openings in  
the roof

they made  
So that the work  
was not  
delayed.

And at the top  
or on the  
floor

Each hand its share  
of labor bore.

The barns were  
filled ere rise of sun,  
When morning broke  
the task was done.

With ardor that brooked no restraint,  
And harmony, would please a saint,

They raked the fields, and  
 cleaned the road,  
 And horses first a  
 weakness showed.  
 It took a pressure  
 all around  
 To shut the doors as  
 they were found.  
 The boards were sprung,  
 and nails were vain  
 To close the openings  
 made by strain.  
 It took some work to  
 run and race  
 And put things back  
 in proper place;



If they had time repairs to do,  
 They would have left things good as new,  
 But in the sky the broadening light  
 Was waiting not for man or sprite,

So Brownies with  
 a conscience clean  
 Made haste to leave  
 the rural scene.  
 And when the sun with  
 rays of gold  
 Proved all was true  
 the dawn had told,  
 Where were the Brownies?  
 Nowhere near.





When tasks are done they disappear.  
The flooded plain or mountain land  
Is not a barrier to the band.

They disappear, and those who know  
The most about them cannot show  
Their hiding place, or where they rest,  
But wait their coming, which is best.

. . . . .

The wondering farmer never knew  
Who bundled up his hay, and drew  
So well across the sods and stones  
The loads that shook the Brownies' bones,  
For elf-hands leave no mark behind  
To satisfy the curious mind.

But sweating beasts that did their share  
Knew well no common folk were there,  
And will in mind review that night  
When months and years have taken flight.  
If they could talk, or thoughts exchange,  
As round the field they graze or range,  
They 'd tell of things that they have seen,  
And many a marvel that has been.



The work well done  
speaks for itself,  
It fills the bin, and  
crowds the shelf.



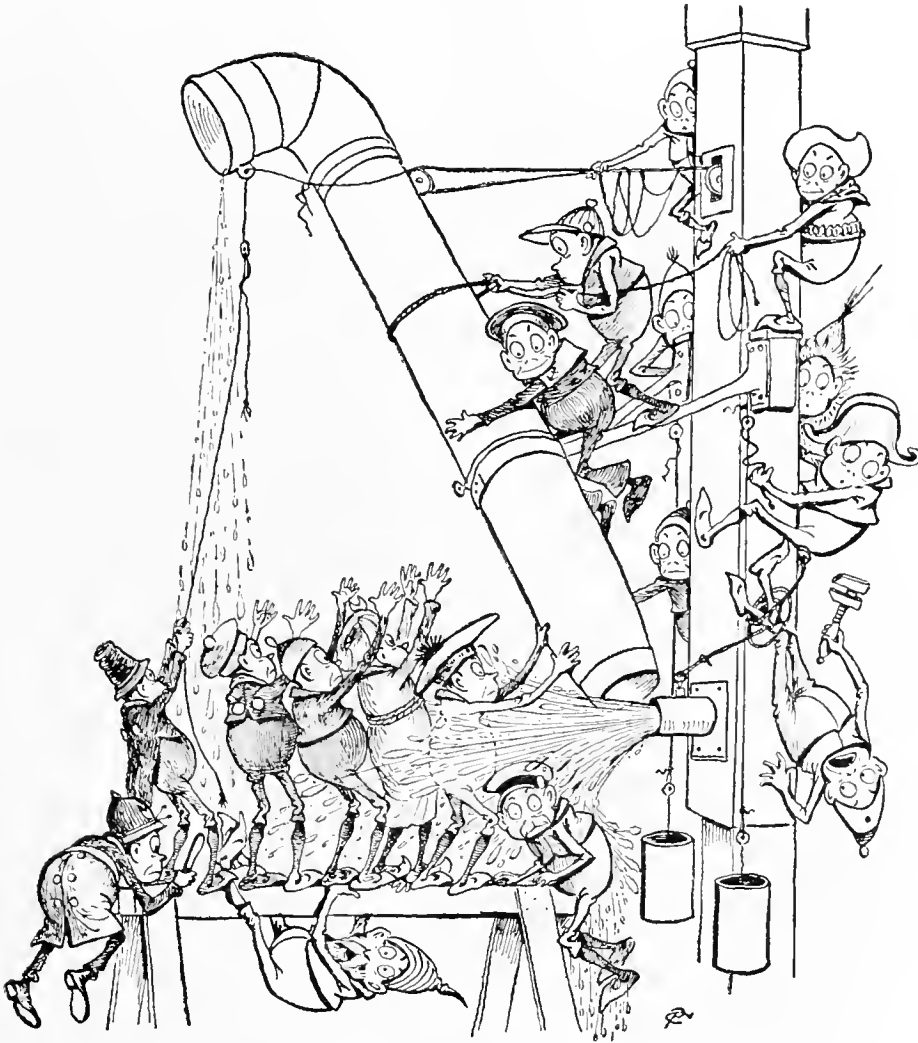


“We ’re here to aid the human kind,  
To note the want, to ease the mind,  
The more we serve, believe me still,  
The better we our mission fill.”



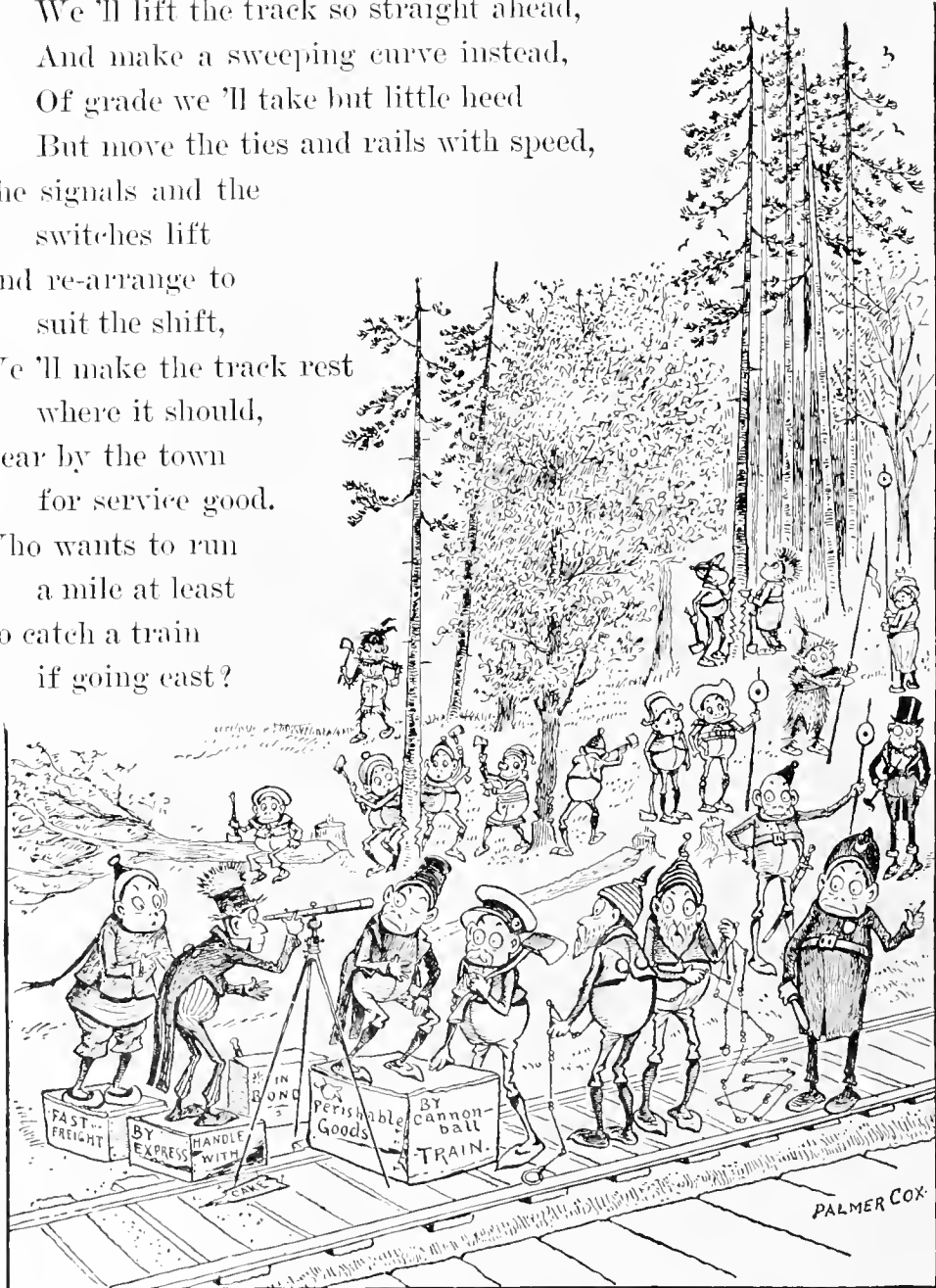
Another said, “Right well I know  
What ’s in your mind. We ’ll not be slow

To act upon the hint so bright  
And move the railroad track to-night.  
I know their business through and through—  
There 's not a train till morning due,



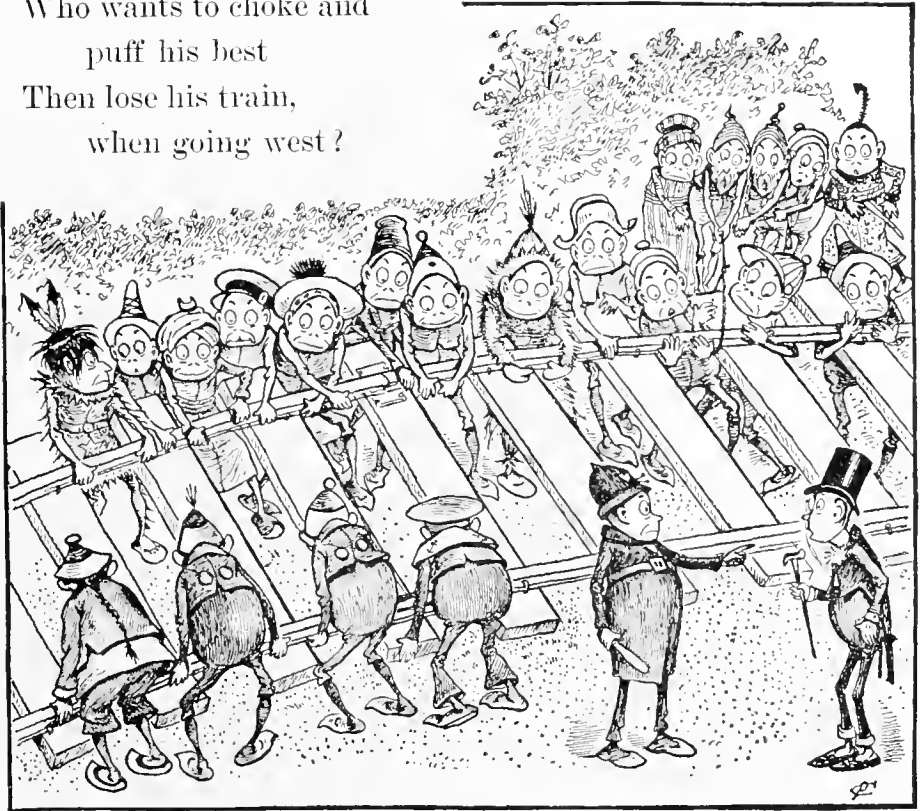
Our mystic power will help us out,  
We 'll change the whole concern about,

We 'll lift the track so straight ahead,  
 And make a sweeping curve instead,  
 Of grade we 'll take but little heed  
 But move the ties and rails with speed,  
 The signals and the  
 switches lift  
 And re-arrange to  
 suit the shift,  
 We 'll make the track rest  
 where it should,  
 Near by the town  
 for service good.  
 Who wants to run  
 a mile at least  
 To catch a train  
 if going east?





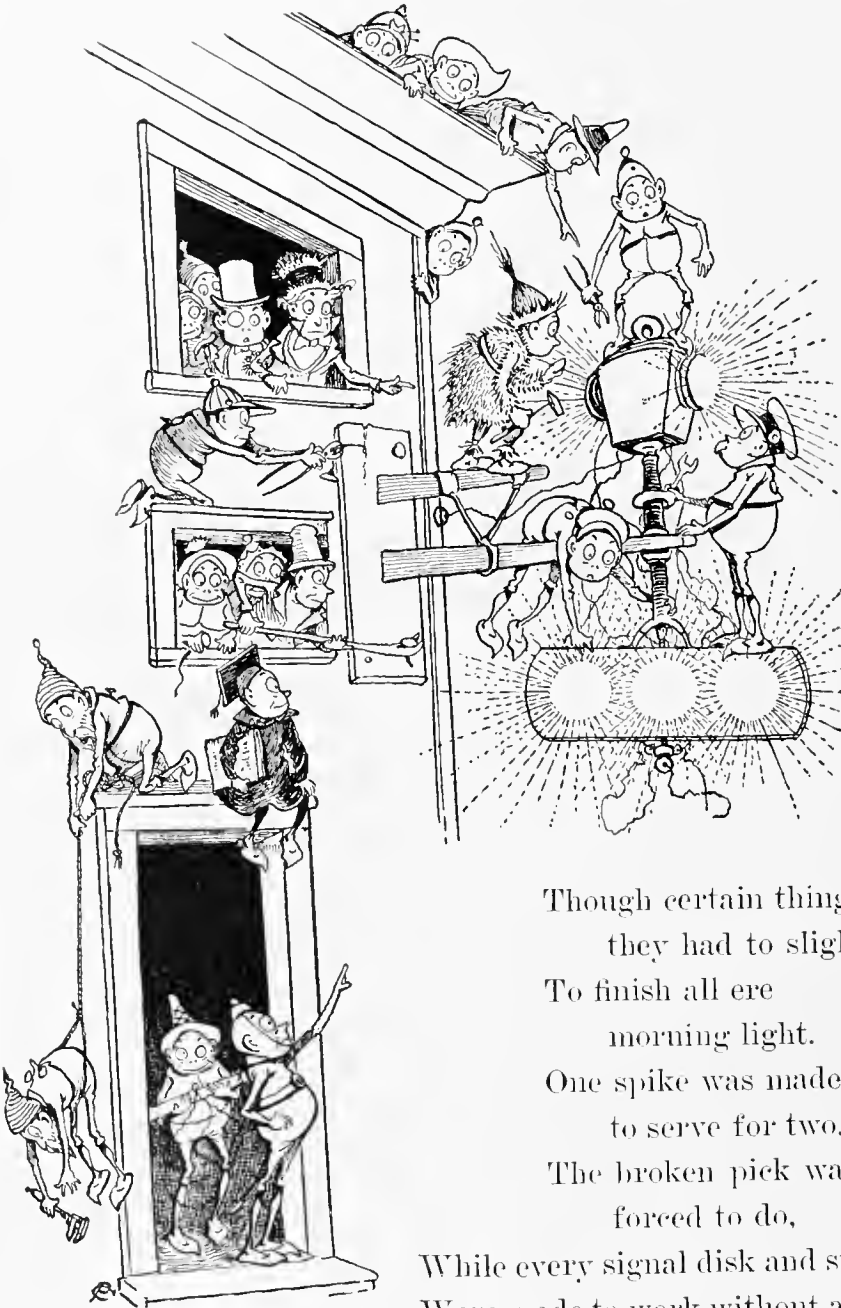
Who wants to choke and  
puff his best  
Then lose his train,  
when going west?



A failure may, as  
some contend,  
Turn out a blessing in  
the end.

Before the sun looks o'er yon hill,  
Where pine and spruce are growing still,  
We 'll work a change, and make a move  
That will to all a blessing prove."

We 're not prepared with time, or strength,  
To give each separate act at length.  
Enough to say that shovels flew,  
That picks were plied, that spikes they drew.  
The rails were bent and newly laid  
And some attention paid to grade,



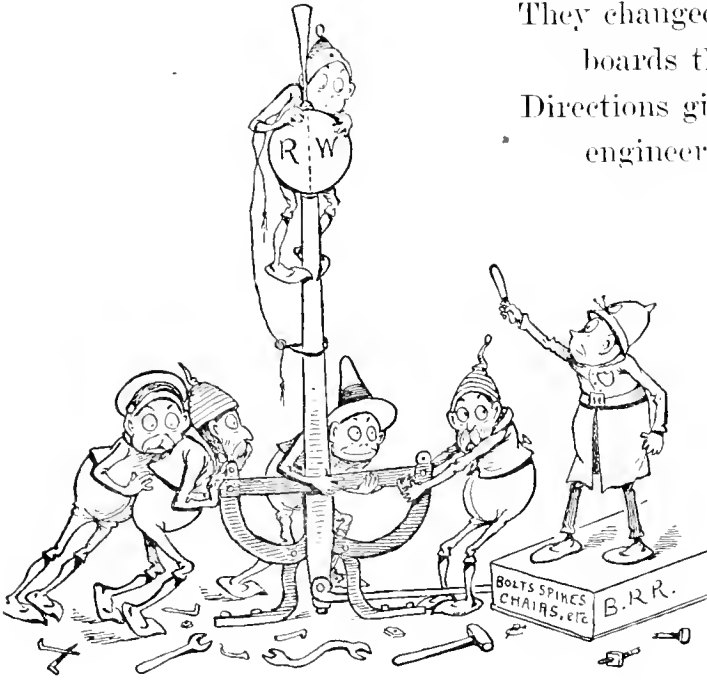
Though certain things  
they had to slight  
To finish all ere  
morning light.  
One spike was made  
to serve for two,  
The broken pick was  
forced to do,  
While every signal disk and switch,  
Were made to work without a hitch,

As they could hardly chances take  
 With such as these, for safety's sake.  
 Said one, "When war  
     is under way  
 Some tracks are laid  
     without delay,  
 When armies make  
     a hasty move,  
 Their chance of victory  
     to improve;  
 But, in the piping  
     time of peace,  
 Plain people's comfort  
     to increase,  
 Not often is track-  
     laying done  
 Between the set and  
     rise of sun."  
 They moved the railroad  
     crossing sign  
 And switch, to suit their  
     own design,  
 And that was far more  
     work than play,  
 For railroad men make  
     things to stay  
 And don't expect a change  
     to make  
 Unless their interest  
     is at stake.



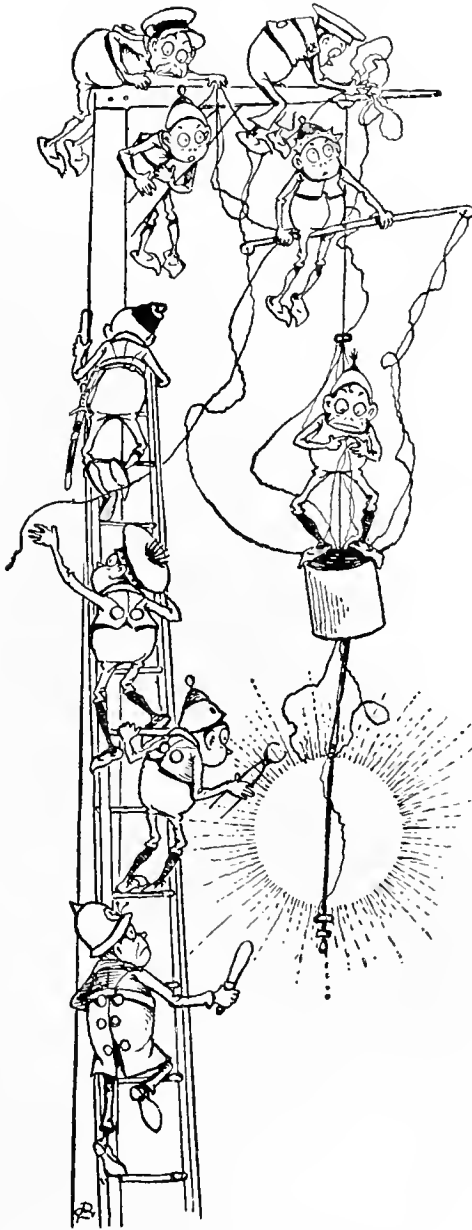
They changed the signal  
boards that clear  
Directions give the  
engineer

Just where to  
toot, slow up,  
or hide,  
Or where to pull  
the throttle  
wide.  
To some the work  
was strange  
and new,  
But all were  
there to  
buckle to,



And each was willing  
to improve,  
To lend a hand, to  
shove or move.  
A busy half hour's time  
was spent  
In moving wires that  
danger meant,  
For all with currents  
strong were charged,  
Which much the Brownies'  
risk enlarged;





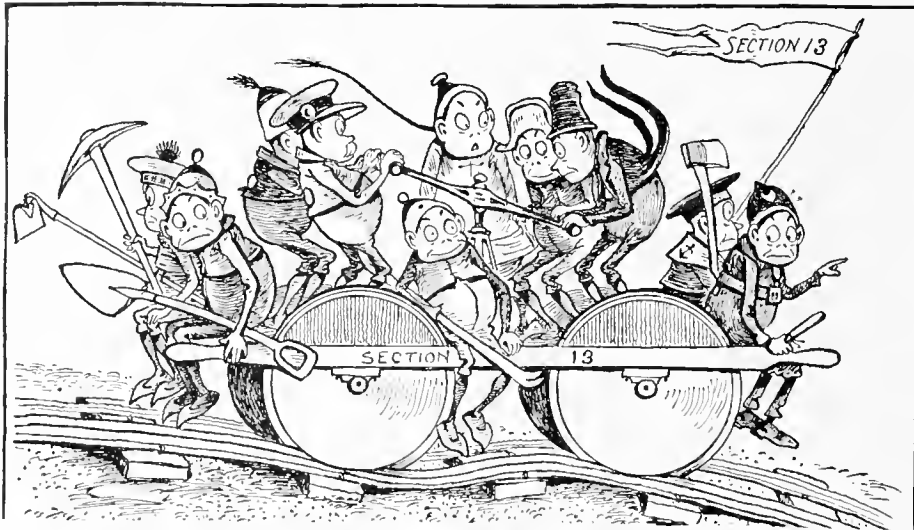
At times a tumble to  
the ground  
Would seem to bring  
the stars around,  
But it must be  
a quick affair  
That takes a Brownie  
unaware,  
And though some plans  
were broken through  
No injury befell the  
crew.  
A person might forego  
his sleep,  
Without a sigh, to gain  
a peep  
At that most interesting  
band  
With such a job as this  
on hand.  
There 's much to do that  
must be right,  
There 's little that can  
bear a slight,  
But with the Brownies  
at the task  
No other guarantee  
we ask.

'T was fortunate no iron span  
Or wooden bridge was in the plan;

A culvert, and a pipe  
or two  
To let the water ripple  
through,  
Was all they found to  
cause delay  
Except a bed of sand  
and clay.



And as the stars  
made their  
escape,  
The curve took  
on a better  
shape,  
A hand-car was  
in service brought  
On which a number passage sought,



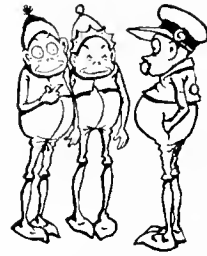
As back and forth along the line  
They carried on their bold design.  
And by the time the dawn began  
To crowd itself on drowsy man,  
And early birds commenced to sing,  
The railroad was a finished thing,



So folks could step forth from the door  
Of private home, hotel, or store,  
And take the train at leisure there  
And still have time and breath to spare.

When next the train came down that way  
There was some doubt, if not dismay,  
When no familiar points were seen,  
For which the eye is ever keen.

With hands upon the wheel in dread  
 The brakeman's eyes stood from his head,  
 The poor conductor, rattled more,  
 Was punching tickets o'er and o'er.  
 The engineer, who thought he knew  
 The road as well as I know you,  
 Was puzzled much to find so great  
 A curve where all had been so straight.  
 He blew the whistle, strained his eyes,  
 Put on the brakes in great surprise,



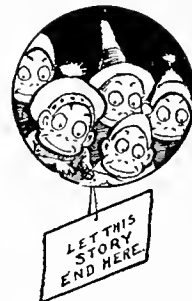
'Tis not the weight of  
 flesh or bone  
 That makes the man,  
 or sprite, alone.



Who cares what's seen  
 upon Mars' crust.  
 Canals or caves?  
 Earth claims our  
 dust.

Shut off the steam, and was about  
 Upon the point of jumping out,  
 Believing in his heart it led  
 To some deep ditch or river bed!  
 But when it stopped, as he could see,  
 Close to the town where it should be,  
 He hardly knew what should be done,  
 Stay in the cab, or jump and run.  
 The company, of course, were wild,  
 And blamed the town, and papers filed  
 And would have gone to law, no doubt,  
 If they had proof to help them out;

But having nothing of the kind  
 They very wisely changed their mind—  
 For there was mystery, that few  
 If any, could see fairly through;  
 And so the bags of mail were dropped  
 And baggage where the train had stopped,  
 And then the station was moved down  
 And stands to-day beside the town.







## THE BROWNIES AID THE EXPEDITION



HE Brownies stood upon the pier  
Where lay a ship for half a year,  
Waiting repairs and funds to send  
It to the earth's remotest end,  
Some unknown seas, perhaps, to strike  
Or find out what the pole is like.

The hull was sound,  
the greater part,  
Although some planks  
began to start,  
The yards were up of  
timber tough,  
Some ropes there were,  
but not enough,  
She had a fair supply  
of spars,

Her masts were pointing at the stars,



Oft sailors fall a prey  
indeed,  
To sharks on land no  
sea could breed.



But things above and things below  
Were wanting and the funds were low.



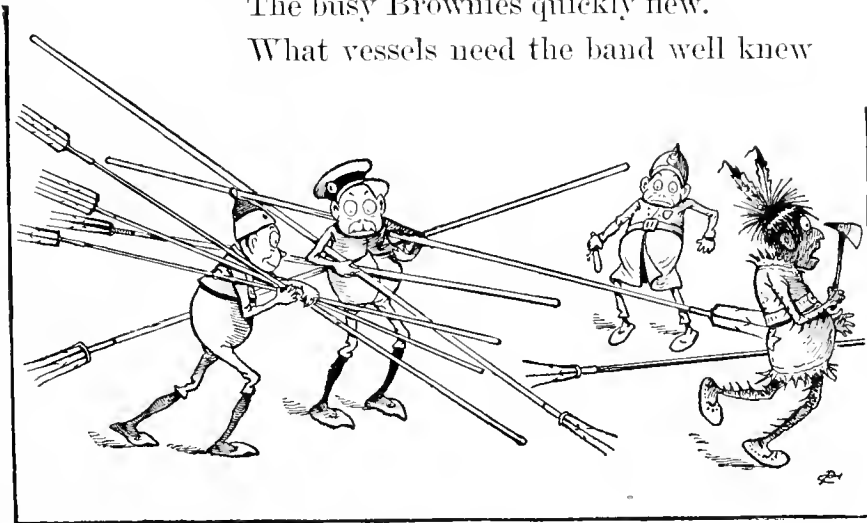
Said one, "This vessel which has rolled  
On many seas is growing old,  
While waiting to be rigged in shape  
To brave the dangers of the cape,

And push its way through ice and snow  
To gather facts the world should know.”  
Another said, “Had we been near  
Some months ago she ’d not be here,  
But plowing through some wondrous sea,  
And well supplied as she should be.  
We ’ll turn attention to the case  
And fit her out in shortest space.  
She ’ll go out with the morning tide  
With every missing want supplied.



In storms at sea, small  
gifts seem great,  
An oar is worth a  
whole estate.

So put the mystic band to work,  
Such tasks the Brownies never shirk.”  
Then up the lane and down the street  
To butcher shops in search of meat,  
To chandler shops, where things are found  
That ships require the world around,  
The busy Brownies quickly flew.  
What vessels need the band well knew



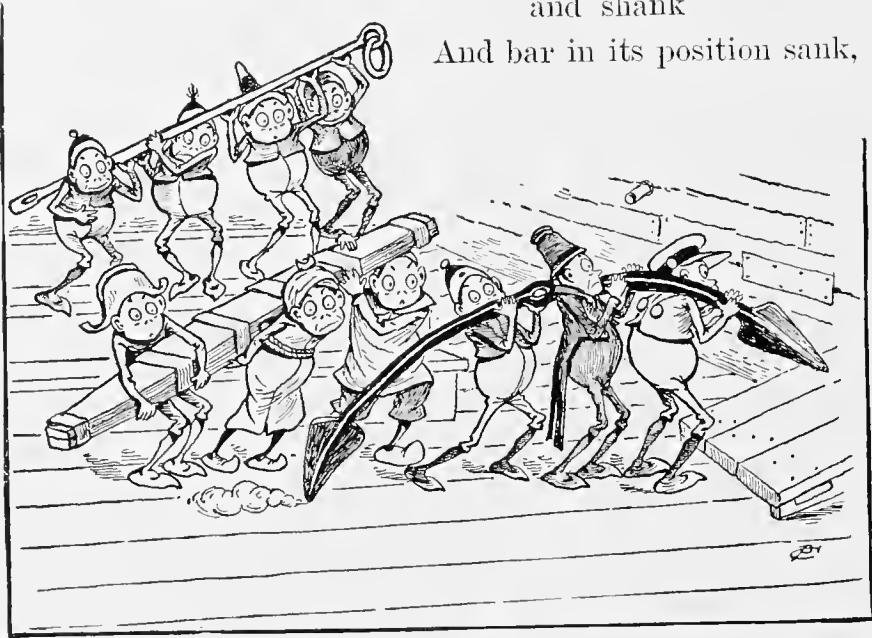
For they were cruising all about  
Ere you were born, I have no doubt.

THE BROWNIES AID THE EXPEDITION.

They took the anchor up with care  
In sections, and all bore their share,

And soon on board each fluke  
and shank

And bar in its position sank,



Till it was ready to  
take hold

And save the ship when  
breakers rolled.

“The ship,” cried one,

“may be too weak,

And strain its ribs,  
and spring a leak,

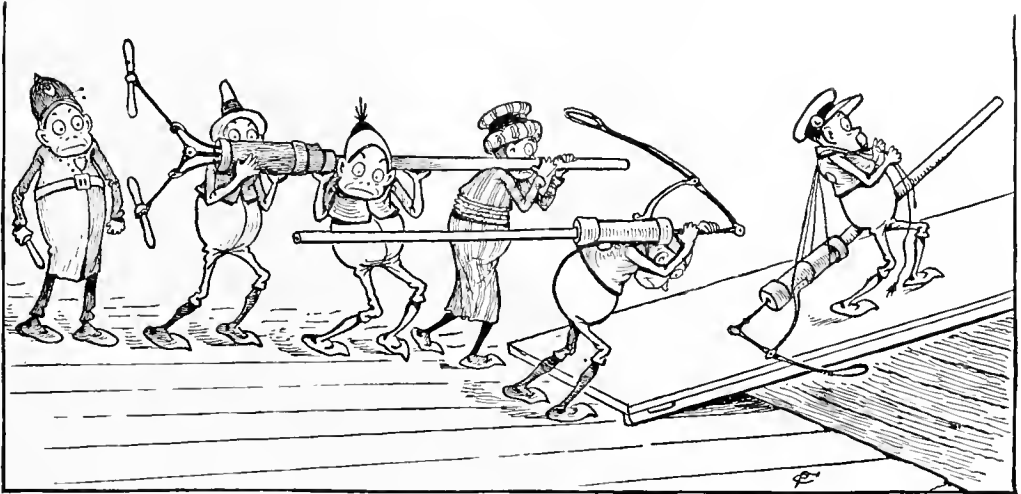
And in that case a pump  
or two

Will be of value to the crew.





While storms are raging far from land,  
Supplies like these come well in hand,

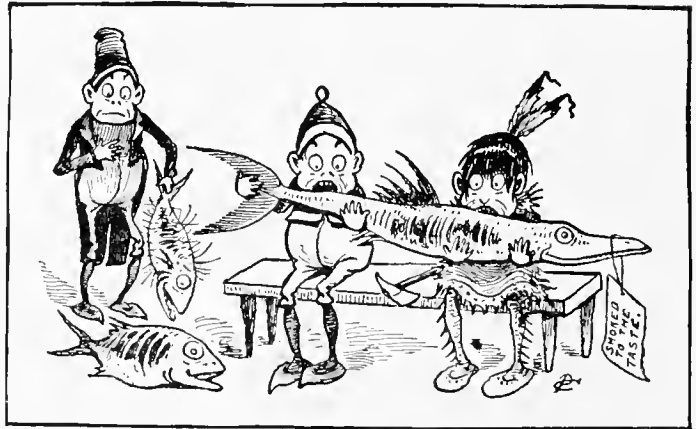


Where every stroke may save a life  
And bring one home to child or wife,  
To nothing say of cargo great  
Brought into port in perfect state."  
Provisions of the choicest kind  
That store could yield, or seekers find,  
Were put away for that round trip  
Where storms would long delay the ship,



And sailors must have  
strengthening food—  
The best there was,  
was none too good.  
Some carried fish but  
newly caught  
While other bags and  
barrels brought  
And salted down the  
plenteous catch  
Which soon was stowed  
below the hatch.

While some the casks  
and cases rolled  
Around the deck, or  
down the hold,  
Some in the rigging  
crawled about  
To take things in, or  
let things out.  
For only those who  
canvas spread  
Had any business  
overhead.

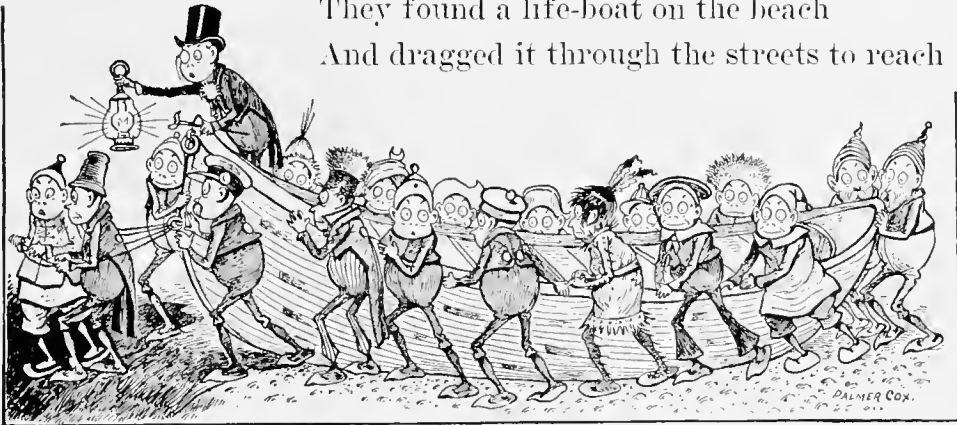


Some found their work among the spars,  
And some brought bedding for the tars,  
And more among the ropes seemed lost  
That must be had at any cost.  
The binnacle and compass eased,  
In which the sailor's trust is placed,



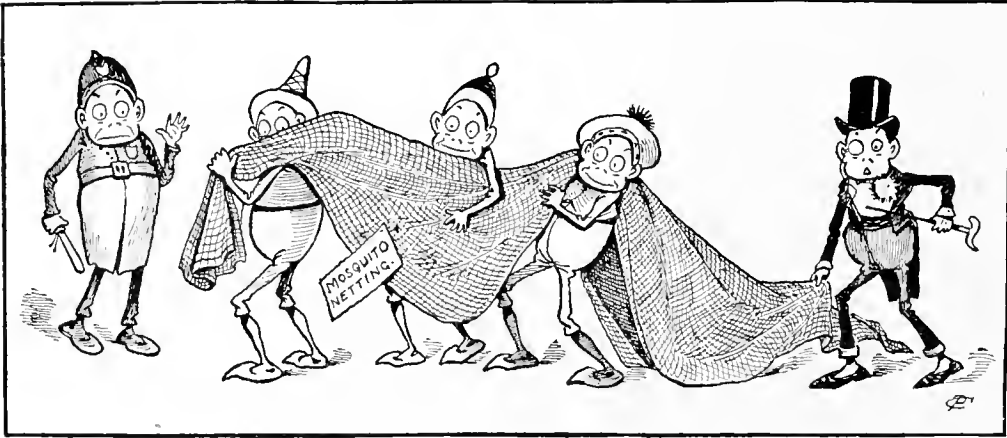
Were hurried to their proper stand  
For those who should the ship command.

They found a life-boat on the beach  
And dragged it through the streets to reach



The ship, without a splash or bend  
Of oar or paddle, to the end.  
Said one, "They 'll want to go ashore  
To plant a mark, if nothing more,  
When they have reached their distant goal  
(Which is, no doubt, the frozen pole),

So they can prove in later days  
They reached the point and won the praise."



"Perhaps," said one, "mosquitoes there  
May revel in the frosty air,  
Unlike our own, and breed and thrive  
Through every change and keep alive.



The hermit-crab,  
usurper fell,  
From weaker creatures  
takes the shell.

Now some fine netting should be found  
In case the pests should swarm around."  
Another cried, "Some spears may be  
Of service in that icy sea;  
Then if a fish is slow to rise  
The crew may spear him where he lies.  
And naught should go without a test  
For navigators earn the best;  
The very best that 's in the store  
This ship shall bear away from shore."  
Another said, who viewed the scene  
And what was crowded decks between,



“We can’t go with them South or North  
But well supplied they sally forth—  
Of that we ’ll make no sad mistake  
While there ’s abundance we can take.”

To put on paper all that went  
Between the decks with good intent,  
Would tax the pen and  
ink, and strain  
The most receptive eye  
and brain.



Be careful of the  
Brownie band  
They'll have the Na-  
tion yet in hand.

The bread, the fish, smoked or in brine,  
The plummets, and the fathom line,  
The tools to mend the careless break,  
The cures for pain and stomach ache,  
Were carried on, or quickly rolled  
Into their places in the hold.  
The gangway was a lively show  
With everything upon the go.  
Some Brownies lost their loads, of course,  
For those behind pushed with some force,

And those not ready to defend  
 Themselves could no assistance lend.  
 In other ways misfortune showed,  
 When casks gave out, and liquid flowed.



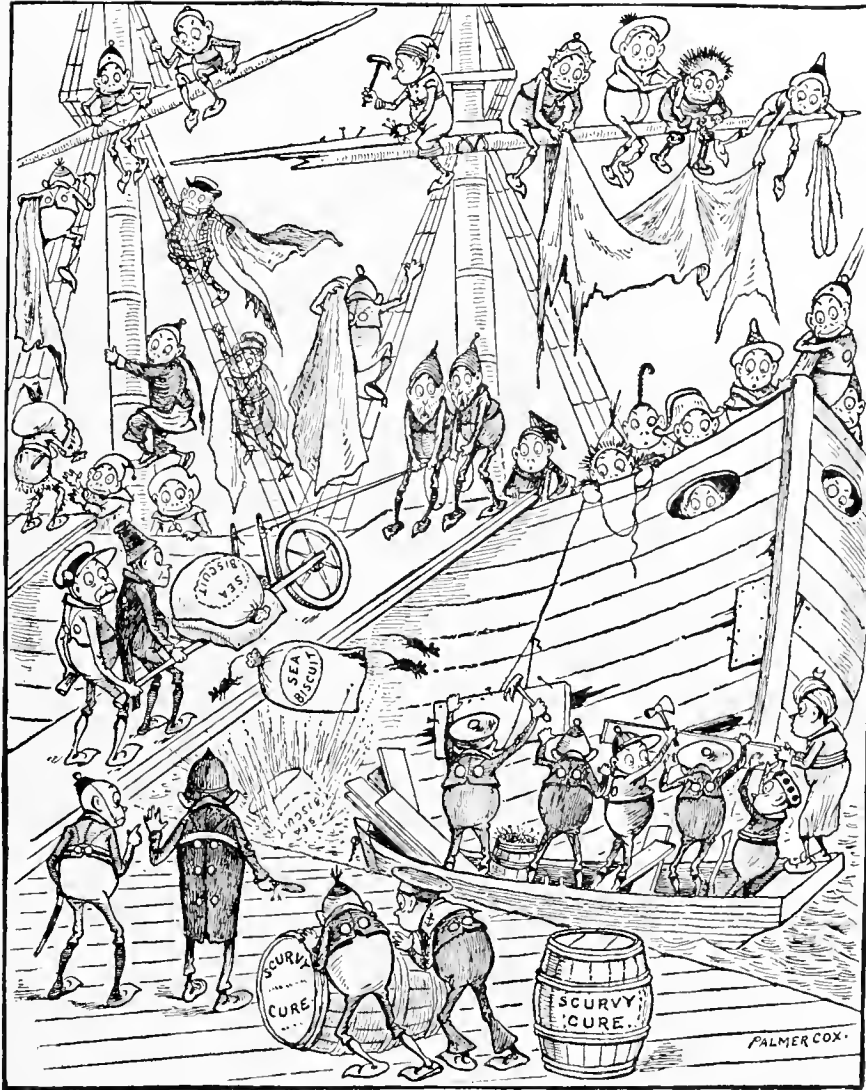
But though the Brownies did their best  
 The stars were sinking in the west.  
 First Saturn bade the rogues good-night,  
 Gave one long stare, and slipped from sight ;



And next the Twins looked on awhile,  
 And could not pass without a smile ;  
 It looked as if Orion shook  
 His club, and his departure took ;  
 The dog-star seemed to yelp aloud  
 Then ran to hide behind a cloud ;  
 And all the stars grew indistinct  
 For at that moment Venus winked.  
 Then slow but sure the sky grew bare  
 And left the Brownies struggling there.  
 Said one, "The rising of the sun  
 Is very near, but we are done.



If we could analyze  
 mankind  
 Perhaps some worthy  
 traits we'd find.

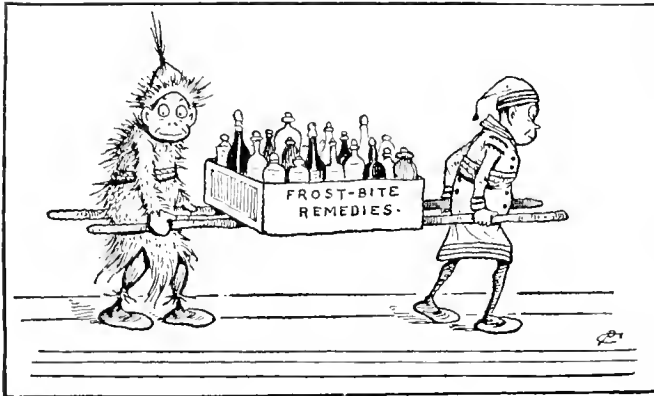


I would not be afraid," said he,  
"To take my chances on the sea  
Upon a ship with half the load  
Of food that on this boat is stowed.

The captain now could pipe his crew  
Upon the deck, if all he knew,  
Each take his station fore and aft,  
Shake out the canvas on the craft,  
Cast off the line, then catch the breeze,  
And point her prow for unknown seas,  
To wonders seek and glories find  
And facts to benefit mankind.”  
The elf-band did not linger round  
To learn what seas the ship had found,



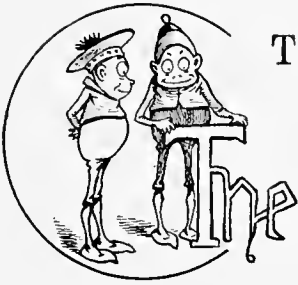
When seas are rough,  
the sinner prays,  
When seas are smooth,  
his cards he plays.



Nor wait until reports  
had trailed  
Back to the port from  
which she sailed,  
For other business  
seemed to spring  
Each night and fresher  
duties bring.  
And they were doubtless  
far away  
Before the ship had  
left the bay.

Thus Brownies give good folk a start,  
Then let them carry out their part,  
Leaving a thousand hints behind  
To teach wise lessons to mankind.





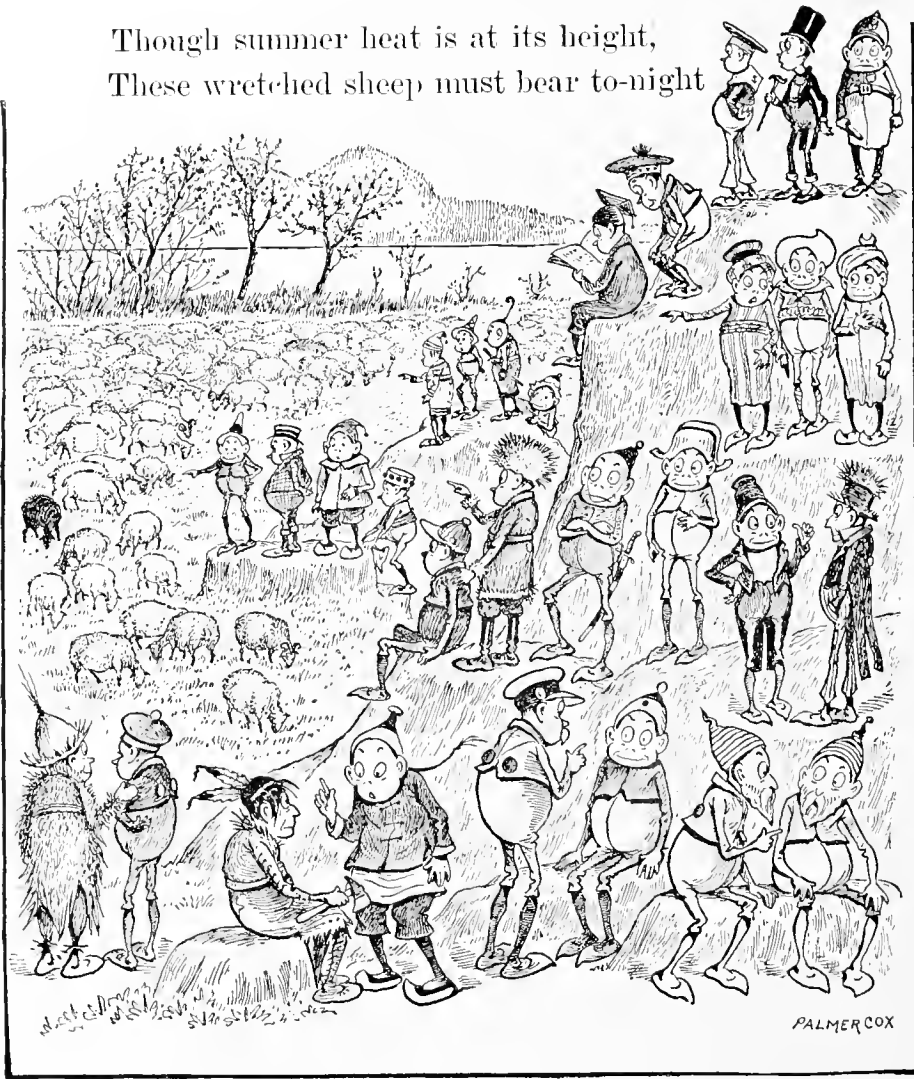
## THE BROWNIES SHEARING SHEEP

THE SUMMER sun had dropped to rest  
 Behind the mountains in the west,  
 And one by one the stars aglow  
 Began to bold and bolder grow,  
 And seemed alert to catch the eye  
 Of those who cared to view the sky,  
 As Brownies climbed upon a rock  
 And gazed upon  
     a grazing flock;  
 And made remarks,  
     as Brownies will,  
 About their treatment,  
     good or ill.  
 Said one, "A great  
     neglect is there,  
 And shameful lack of  
     proper care



THE BROWNIES SHEARING SHEEP.

Though summer heat is at its height,  
These wretched sheep must bear to-night



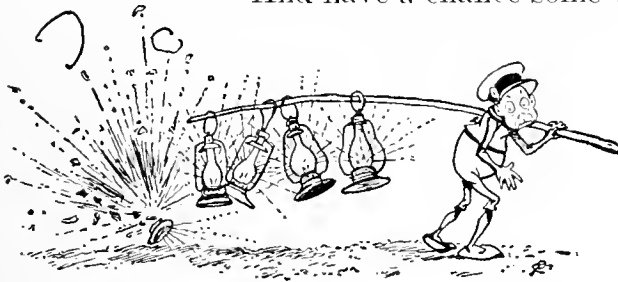
A weight of wool would keep them warm  
Throughout the winter's bitterest storm."  
Another said, "Leave it to me  
To cure the evil all can see;  
I know a place where shears are kept,  
(I've even seen them since I slept),

THE BROWNIES SHEARING SHEEP.

Some new, some old, but all indeed,  
In proper shape to serve our need.  
We can do much before the glow  
Of morning, as we Brownies know.  
We 'll get the shears this very eve  
And give relief before we leave."



Some ran for ropes, and others went  
For shears that all might be content,  
And have a chance some work to do,



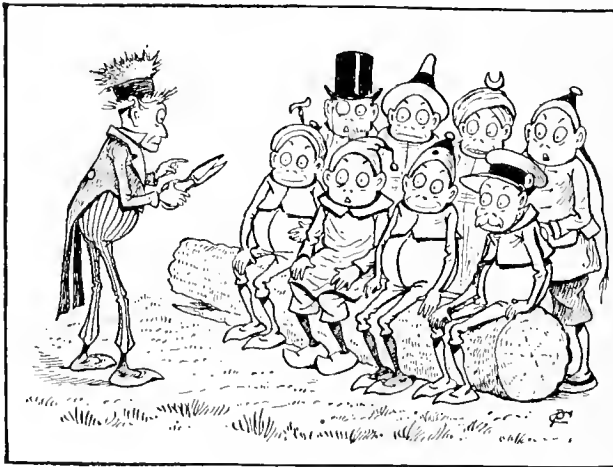
Although to most, the  
task was new.  
The night was dark  
and it was found  
An aid to have some  
lights around,

So lanterns played  
a brilliant part  
And did good service  
at the start.  
Some volunteered  
instruction kind  
To those who 'd surely  
trouble find,  
When sheep would  
struggle for  
release  
Before they parted  
from their fleece.  
Think you there was  
a long delay



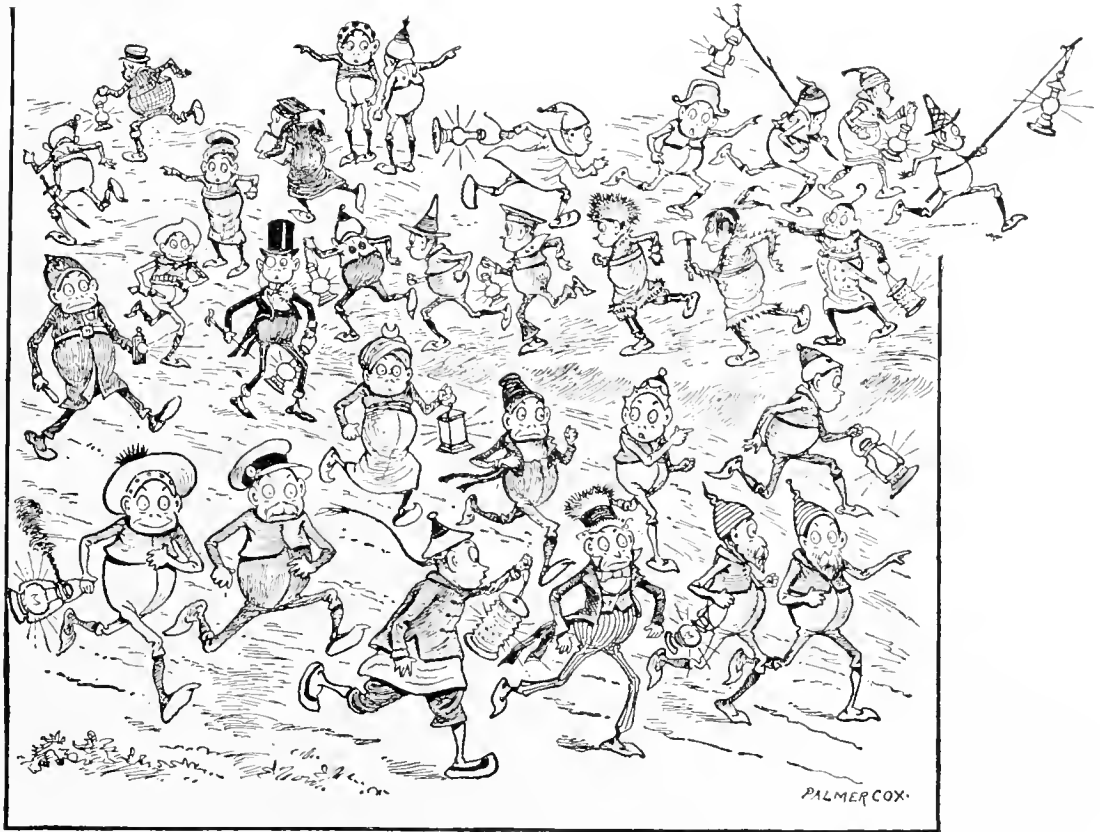
Before the work was under way?  
Think you the stars, so apt to wink,  
Found nothing strange at which to blink?

Had you been there  
with second sight  
You would have stared,  
as well, that night.  
According to the  
shearer's plan,  
To catch the sheep,  
they first began,  
But flocks, however  
much they may  
Need clipping close, still  
want their way,





THE BROWNIES SHEARING SHEEP.



And lanterns will not always draw  
A creature round that knows no law,

The rattling, and the flood of light,  
Uniting caused a general fright.

In truth it was enough to make  
The flock their native hills forsake,  
To ford the stream, or leap the gate,  
That kept them from a neighboring State.  
And Brownies felt they could not let  
Their well-laid plans be so upset,



THE BROWNIES SHEARING SHEEP.

And so some sheep lost half their fleece  
Before they settled down in peace.



'Tis not an easy task, indeed,  
To catch a sheep which runs with speed;  
The mountain goat has got a name  
For bounding fast, when sought as game,  
And Brownies found each woolly beast  
Was cousin to the goat, at least,  
And even closer ties might trace  
Before they finished with the chase.  
Of course the work to some was new  
Who came from lands where flocks were few,



THE BROWNIES SHEARING SHEEP.



Who hardly could the fact declare  
If sheep, indeed, grew wool or hair,  
Or whether it was right or wrong  
To wear it all the summer long;  
But short the school the Brownies need  
To learn the way they should proceed  
The task of some was but to bring  
The creatures up by strap or string



To those more fit to handle shears,  
Or those who best could calm their fears.

But some old rams soon made it known,  
That they had notions of their own,  
And were content to worry through  
The heat another month or two,  
Much rather than let sprites like these  
Hold them an hour between their knees,  
To pull and roll and clip from hide  
The coat that nature does provide.  
Some sheep escaped and time improved,  
Before the fleece was all removed,  
And Brownies had a lively run  
To finish work but partly done.



If Satan had a score  
of wings  
He couldn't answer all  
the rings.

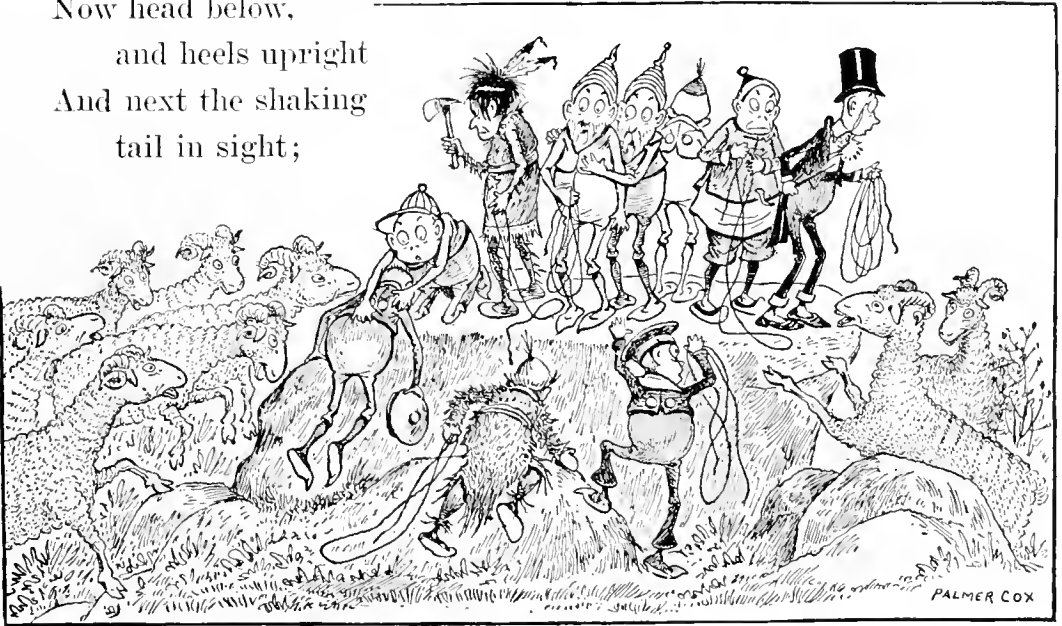


It chanced some rams were cross and strong,  
Whose heads were hard, and horns were long,  
And they caused trouble more or less  
And bawled with anger and distress,  
While timid sprites stood to one side  
Fearing the rams that stamped in pride,  
Denied the battle and the sport  
That entertained the braver sort.

But even rams for all their rage  
And twisted horns, that told their age,  
In spite of anger, strength, and years,  
Were brought in time beneath the shears;  
For when such mystic powers combine  
'T is best all effort to resign,  
And realize one must submit  
Till work is done, and Brownies quit.  
'T was clipping here, and clipping there,  
And rolling over everywhere,



Turning and twisting round to feel  
The pressure of the busy steel;  
Now head below,  
and heels upright  
And next the shaking  
tail in sight;



And ere the creature rightly knew  
What all this meant, the job was through,  
And bare it ran, the grass to find,  
But left its woolly coat behind.  
One Brownie said, "There 's quite a knack  
In keeping sheep upon the back  
With feet in air for half the night  
Still pointing at the planets bright.  
But thanks to charms that we can use,  
Compliance seldom they refuse,  
So thus the work is light and fast  
And we accomplish wonders vast."  
The mystic touch, the mystic twist



What's war but set-  
ting matters right,  
That could be fixed  
before the fight?

THE BROWNIES SHEARING SHEEP.

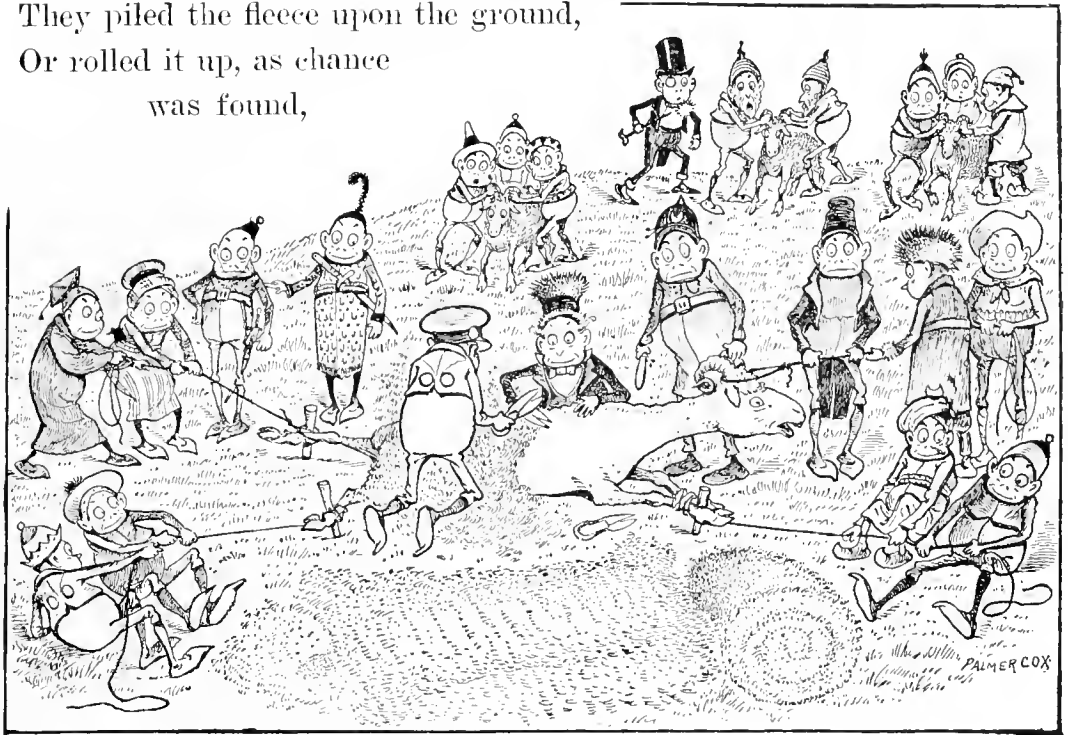
That dwells in every Brownie's wrist,  
Was far too much for common sheep  
To understand, however deep,  
And soon a passive heap they lay  
And let the Brownies have their way.



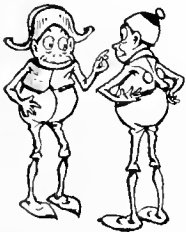
Well, you and I, who something know  
Of how they worked long years ago,

THE BROWNIES SHEARING SHEEP.

Can judge how time was valued dear  
By Brownies, when the way was clear.  
They piled the fleece upon the ground,  
Or rolled it up, as chance  
was found,



Upon the rocks or hillocks nigh  
Where it would catch the shepherd's eye,  
And prompt attention might receive,  
After the elf-band took its leave.

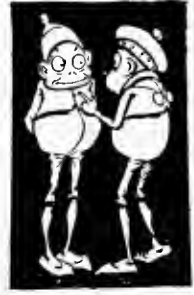


Who deepest digs, the  
borer tells,  
Will surely drain all  
shallower wells.

And what the shepherd said that morn,  
When he perceived his sheep were shorn;  
Or what he thought, when from his rock  
He cast his eyes upon the flock,  
And counted heads and found that all  
Were there to answer to his call,

We 'll never know, for Brownies fled,  
When morning in the sky was red.  
The sheep were bare, and bleating fast,  
As if to tell through what they pass'd.  
What could he say? What could he do,  
But call for aid? and feebly, too,  
For fear was shaking both his knees,  
His conscience sure was ill at ease,  
And as they gathered up the wool  
That lay in heaps or wagonsful

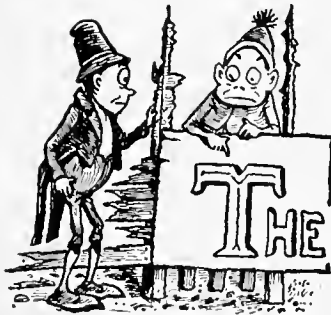
Upon the grass, arranged with care,  
Or laid apart for sun and air,  
Said he, "There were strange doings here  
While we were sleeping soundly near,  
And though there 's not a sight or sound  
Of Brownies, they have been around."



The master's eye, if  
well applied,  
Will keep his treasure  
chest supplied.





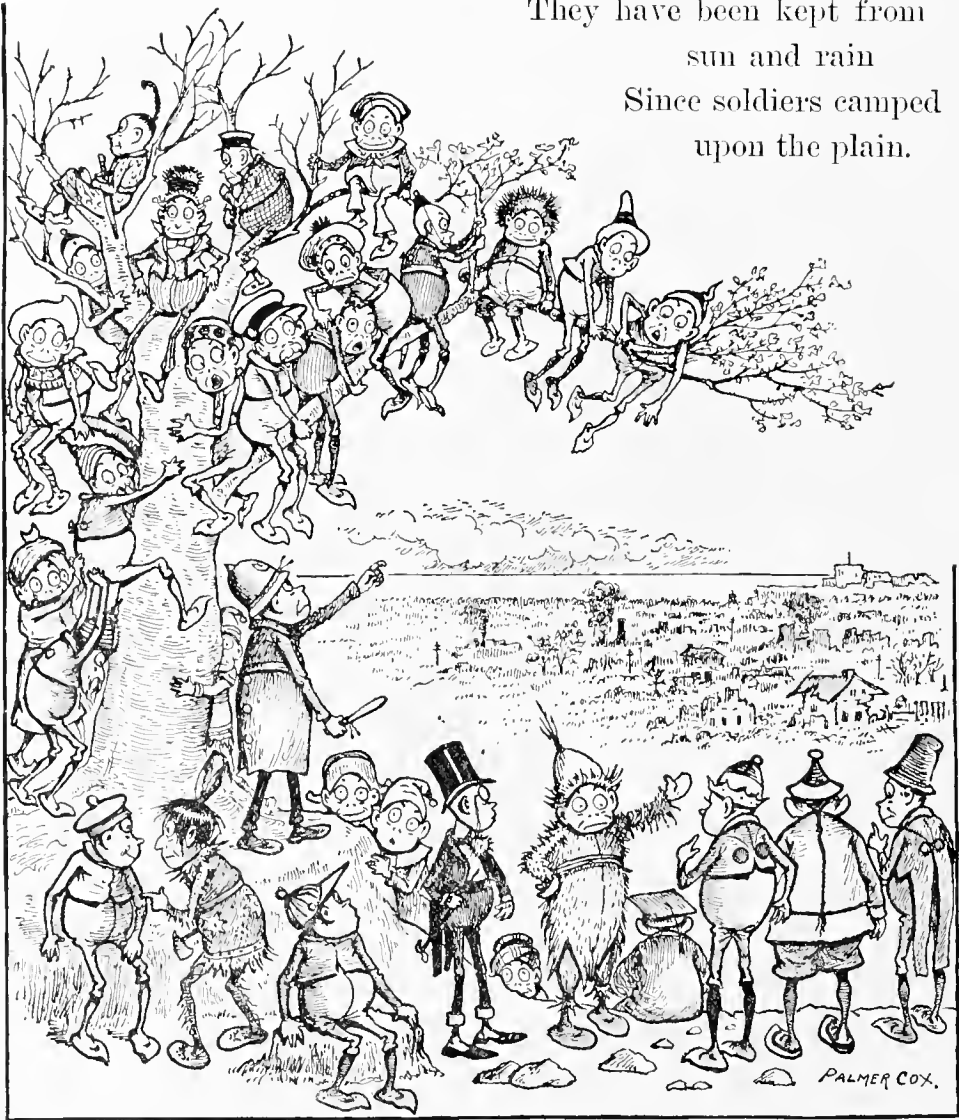


## THE BROWNIES AND THE BURNED VILLAGE

DAYLIGHT closed as Brownies found  
 A village burned quite to the ground;  
 A cottage here, a pile of wood,  
 A gate or fence were all that stood;  
 And people scattered here and there  
 Received a friend's or neighbor's care.  
 When Brownies came, the scene was bad,  
 And every face was more than sad,  
 As they beheld the depth of woe  
 An hour or two of flame can show.  
 Said one, "The fort down by the shore  
 Has many army tents in store;



They have been kept from  
sun and rain  
Since soldiers camped  
upon the plain.



The holes in some, exposed to view,  
Show where the bullets whistled through,  
And tell that near the line of fight  
They took the volleys left and right."

“We ’ll go to-night!” another cried,  
“And tents for homeless folk provide.  
We ’ll carry all our arms can hold,  
And ask no leave from sentries bold.  
Let soldiers sleep, and take their rest,  
In time of peace it suits them best;  
Their country’s call may come once more,  
But till that summons, let them snore.  
What care we now for secret knock,  
For bayonet-point, or click of lock?  
We ’ll pass the watchful sentry there,  
And leave him jabbing at the air;



We ’ll carry out the tents at will,  
Which guards believe in store-house still;  
They ’ll know no more about our raid,  
Than if at home in bed we stayed.  
And so, with nothing left to fear,  
We ’ll simply bring the canvas here,  
The tent-pins and the poles, as well,  
And put work through in shortest spell—  
For half the night as you may spy,  
By stars above, has passed us by.  
The will is ours to do the deed,  
The strength to serve us at our need,  
For when to act we are inclined,  
We ask no favors of mankind.”  
How can we hide from sprites like these  
Who move unseen, and where they please,  
Know where you put your savings by,  
And where you keep your cake and pie?



The grasping hand can  
cause more tears  
Than one that shakes  
a dozen spears.



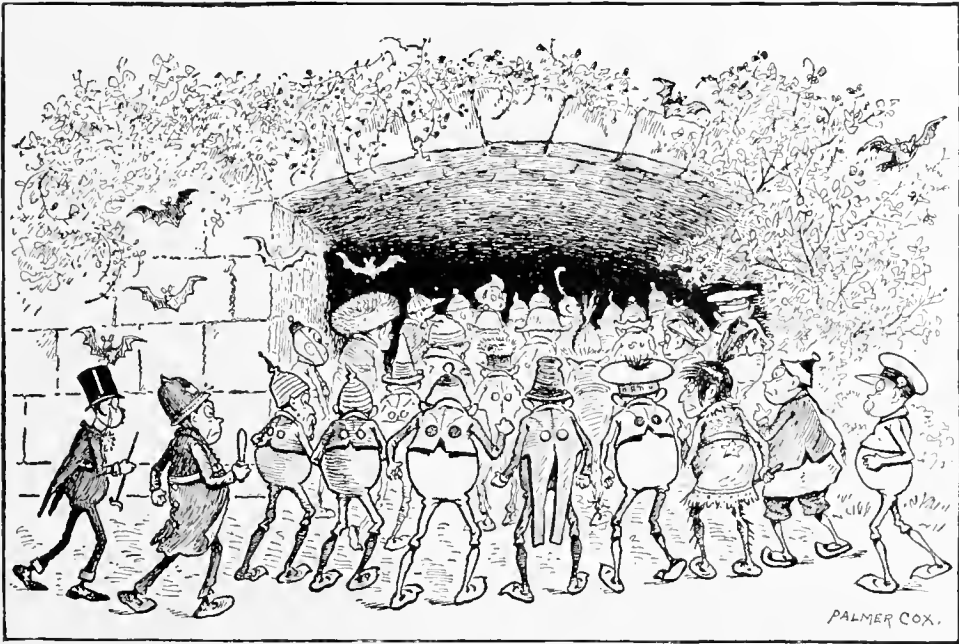
And if they chose to do you harm,  
The power they have, and hold the charm;  
'Tis well they 're friendly, and employ  
Their power to aid and not destroy,  
For what a Brownie wants, he gains  
In spite of locks, and bolts, and chains.  
To take a fort by day or night  
But seldom brings unmixed delight,  
And even Brownies were aware  
That danger might be lurking there.



It was not long, we may believe,  
Until the band, not asking leave,  
Had reached the fort where tents were stored  
Since cruel war had sheathed the sword.  
Said one, "It was a painful sight  
To see the homeless people's plight;  
The children shivering in the storm,  
And wrapped in muslin far from warm."

For glad were parents to escape  
And save their babes in any shape!  
Some said they knew (and so they did),  
The place a secret ditch was hid,





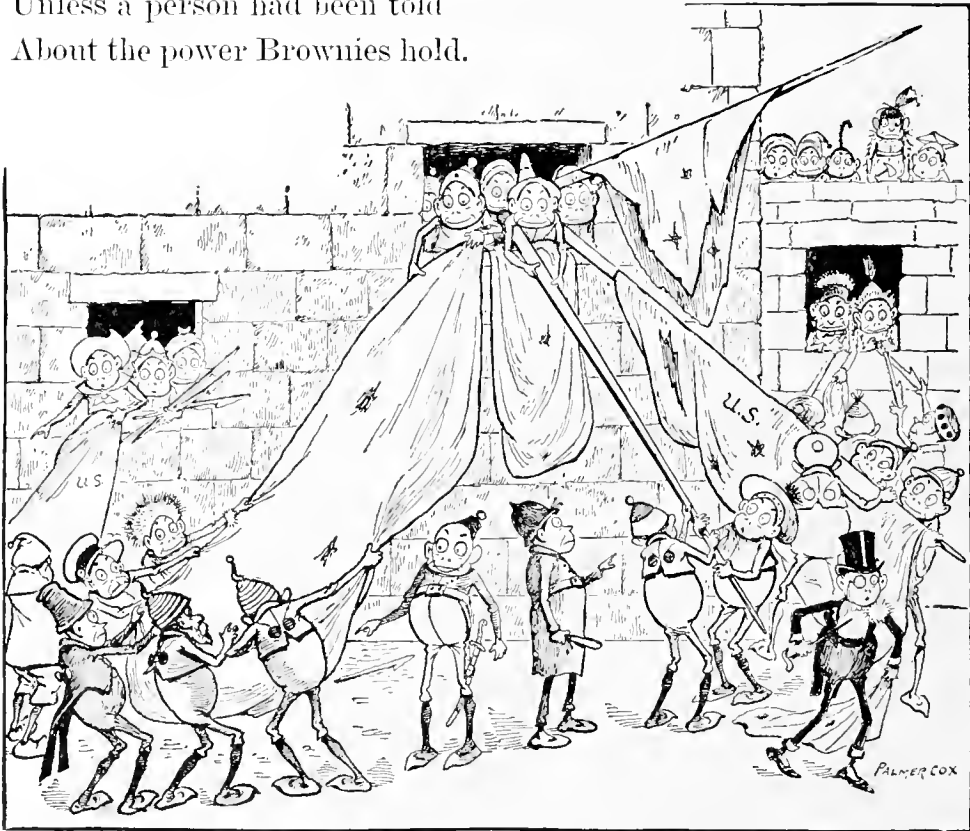
Which was the surest way to win  
Into the fort and all within.  
Along the dark and secret lane  
That did away with climb or strain,  
The Brownies soon were crowding keen  
Beneath the vines and briars green,  
Disturbing creatures of the night  
That flapped away in heavy flight.



The early bird may  
get the prize,  
Unless the worm is  
early wise.

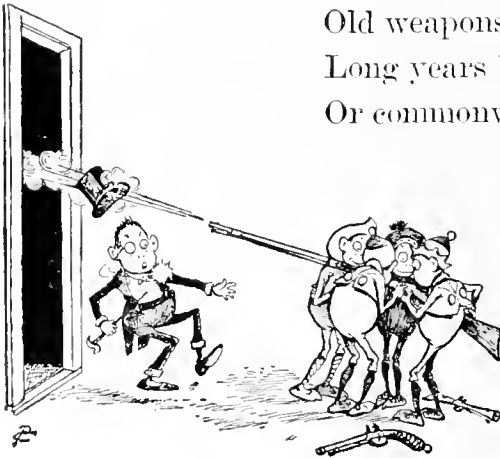
Out came the pins, out came the poles,  
At different heights and different holes;  
Out came the tents that showed what shot  
Had done in battles now forgot.  
And what a loading-up was there!  
More than a back was fit to bear—

Unless a person had been told  
About the power Brownies hold.

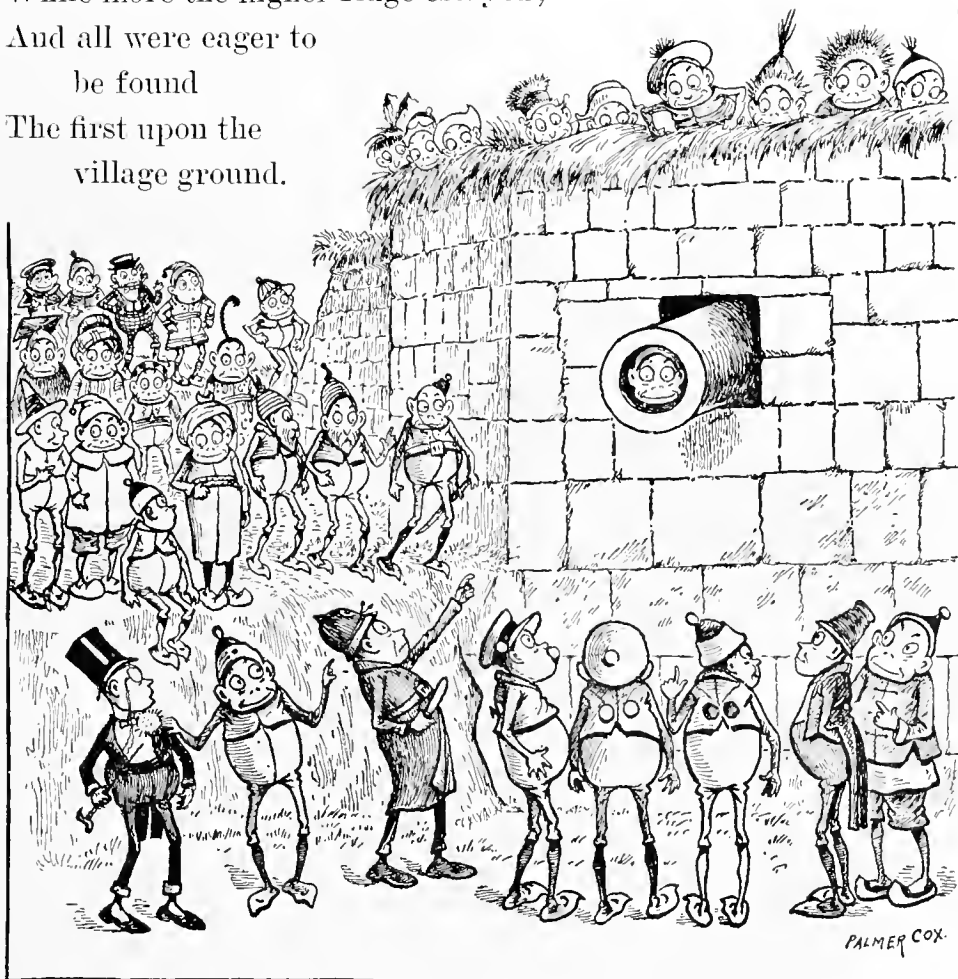


Old weapons which had service seen  
Long years before for king, or queen,  
Or commonwealth, as it might be,

Proved tempting in a high degree;  
And some no little pleasure found  
In bearing such old relics 'round;  
They took some battle-flags along,—  
Indeed, I do not think it wrong  
Because the banners needed air,  
If nothing more, in way of care.



The band, along the country road,  
Moved, struggling with their heavy load.  
A number took the lower grade,  
While more the higher ridge essayed;  
And all were eager to  
    be found  
The first upon the  
    village ground.



The birds of night were startled by  
The strange parade, and could but fly  
Around and 'round in hopes to gain  
The reason for the curious train.

From such a move it seemed but fair  
To think that war was in the air;  
A broken legion in full rout,  
Fleeing the foe, and tuckered out,  
Could hardly show a scene more wild  
Than did the band, as on they filed.



To load the gun, or  
draw the blade,  
Is what gives thou-  
sands to the spade.

“There ’ll be a stir,” said one, “we know,  
Around the fort when bugles blow;  
The call to arms will ring out clear,  
While scattered troops are hurried near;  
And guns, poked from embrasures dark,  
That shoot for miles and hit the mark.  
They ’ll wonder who, without alarm,  
Could take the tents, nor suffer harm.  
Suppose from this a war should spread,  
And shake the nation to its head!”



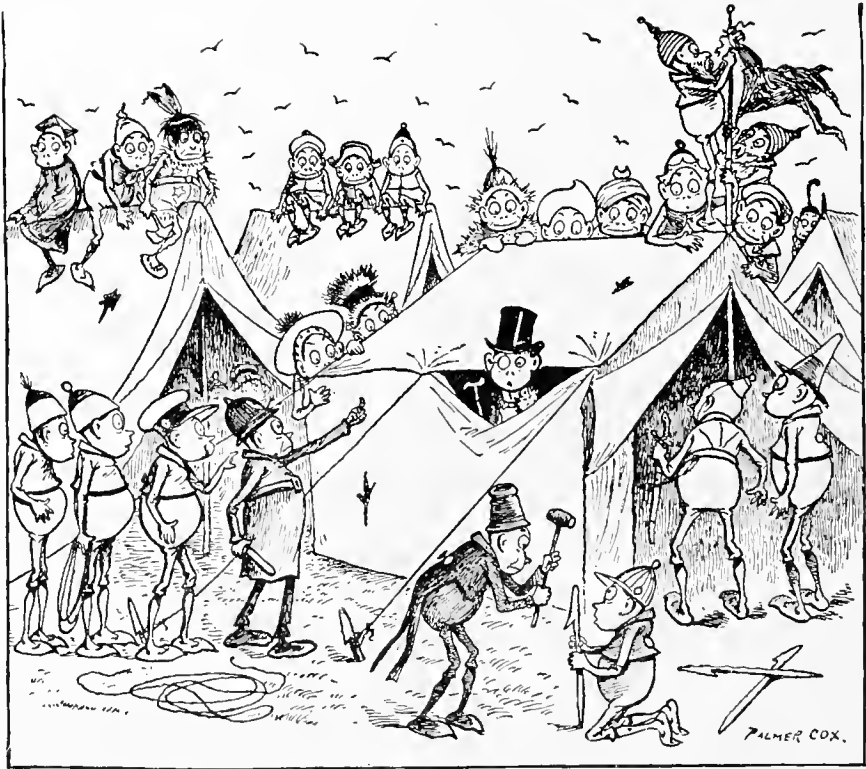
THE BROWNIES AND THE BURNED VILLAGE.

Soon in the park, or village square,  
The sweeping blaze was forced to spare  
Because it offered nothing good  
To spread the flames, in paint or wood,  
The Brownies gathered and began  
To quickly carry out their plan.



Up went the poles on every side,  
And down went pins in earth to hide;  
Blow upon blow they dealt like rain  
With hands that rarely strike in vain.

To spread the canvas for a roof,  
That should be strong and weather-proof,

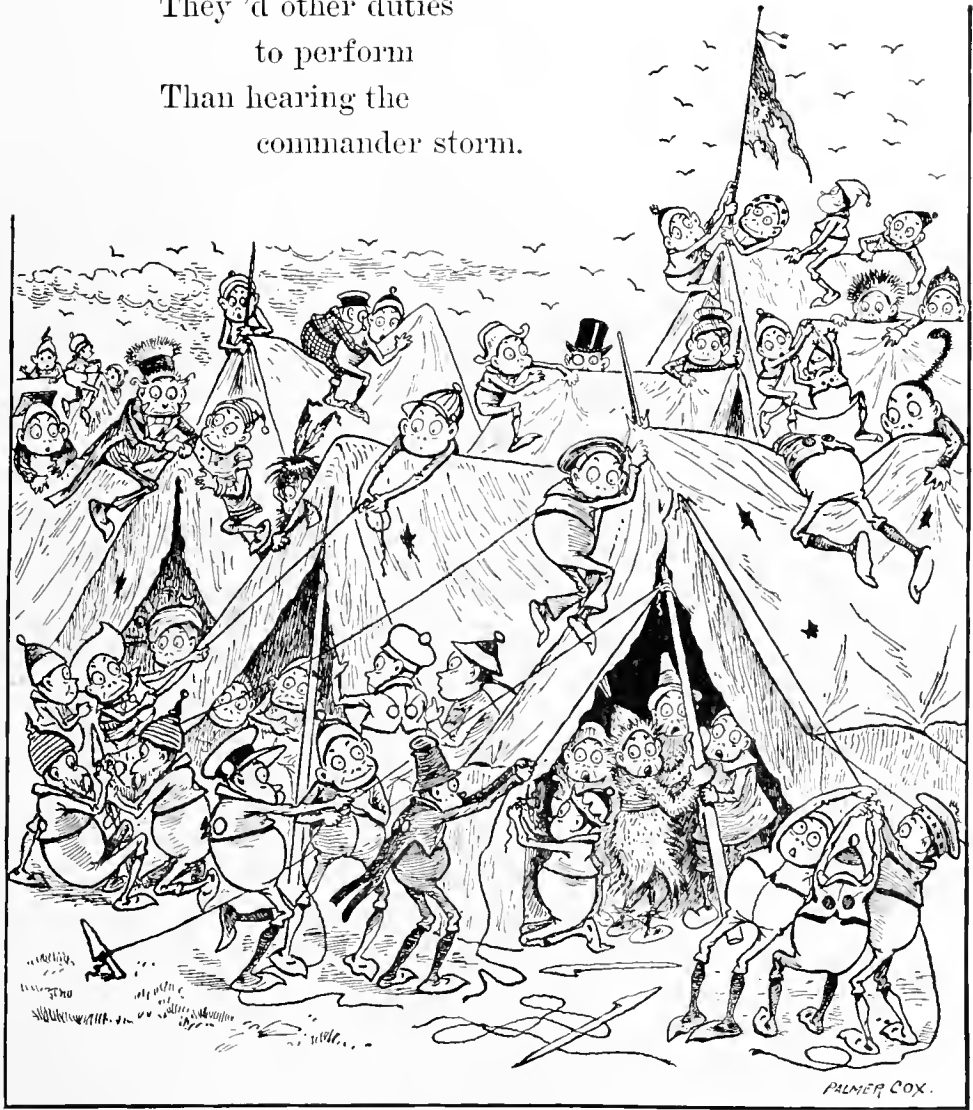


Gave great delight, and willing hands  
Were quick to answer all demands.



When morning light crept  
o'er the lawn  
The tents were up, the  
Brownies gone.  
Be sure the elf-band  
did not wait  
To learn the sentries'  
sorry fate;

They 'd other duties  
to perform  
Than hearing the  
commander storm.



Upon the hill, as they withdrew,  
Some glances back the Brownies threw,  
And smiled to see the pleasing show  
Of army tents spread out below.

They felt repaid, for they could boast  
Beneath was shelter for a host,



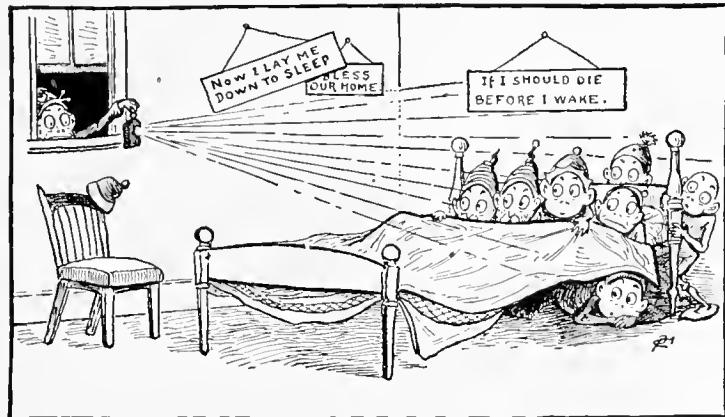
Where aged folk and children small  
Could now find comfort, one and all.  
Unlike mankind that honors claim,  
And hate to bear their share of blame,  
The Brownies on each other threw  
The praise that to themselves was due,  
Congratulating, as they might,  
Their comrades on their work  
that night.

They shook each other's hands in glee,  
While compliments were passing free.  
They said they envied not mankind,  
With all their gifts and arts  
combined,

But were content to pass their days  
As Brownies with their mystic ways.  
Next day the homeless ran to claim  
The tents, and marveled how they came;



And one remarked, when speech he found,  
"Perhaps the Brownies were around."  
The band had business elsewhere  
The night that followed that affair,  
But all with one accord believed  
That much distress they had relieved,  
And taught a lesson, which we fear  
Was wasted on the brigadier.





## THE BROWNIES BUILD A BRIDGE

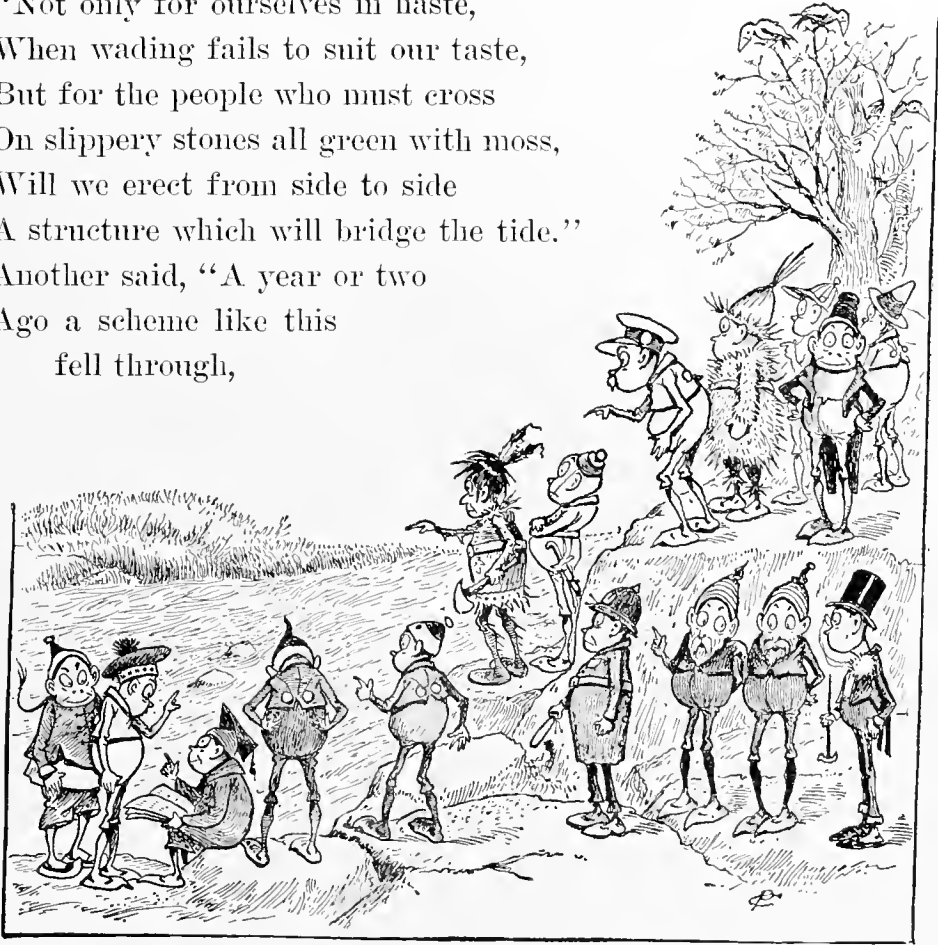
BUILD a bridge from shore to shore  
 Across a stream where waters pour  
 In haste to mix their sparkling flow  
 With ocean waves some miles below,

Is not a task to waken fear  
 Or questions in an engineer.  
 Then why should doubt oppress a band  
 Who have all kinds of trades at hand,  
 When they have in  
     their heads  
     a scheme

To throw a bridge  
     across the  
     stream?  
 Said one, as they stood  
     by the place,  
 And watched the water  
     in its race,

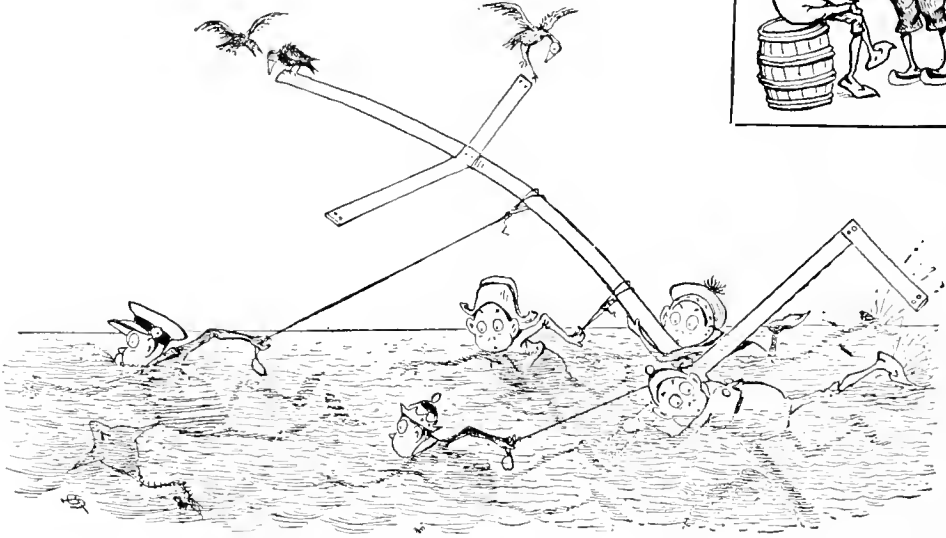


“Not only for ourselves in haste,  
When wading fails to suit our taste,  
But for the people who must cross  
On slippery stones all green with moss,  
Will we erect from side to side  
A structure which will bridge the tide.”  
Another said, “A year or two  
Ago a scheme like this  
fell through,



But workmen left their things about  
To carry on the plan laid out.  
We 'll take the stuff from where it lies  
And build a bridge for a surprise.  
When in the morning people flock  
To cross the stream, they 'll have a shock.  
'T will be a joy to leave the log,  
The stone, and water to the frog,

And cross upon our airy way  
Without a cent of toll to pay."



Material was near at hand  
Which was good fortune for the band,  
And soon a stream of Brownies flowed  
Both to and fro—some with a load,  
And more in haste to heed the cry  
Of those whose arms were piled too high.



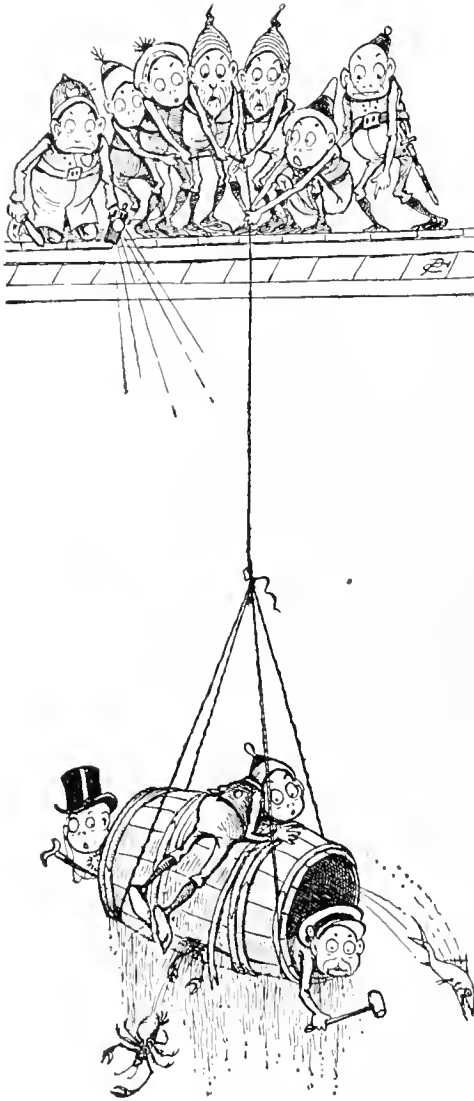
But willing hands  
are never slow  
And soon the bridge  
began to grow.  
Some in mid-air the  
birds surprised  
Swinging on ropes with  
hooks devised.



THE BROWNIES BUILD A BRIDGE.



To make things safe, if that could be—  
'T was an exciting thing to see!  
Indeed a Brownie without guy,  
Or safety hitch, or fixture nigh,  
Swinging and turning is, I say,  
A sight to take the breath away.



At times a hammer,  
 bolt, or bar  
 Would slip and spread  
 a panic far.  
 Perhaps a wrench would  
 rattle down  
 And light upon  
 a Brownie's crown,  
 While bending at some  
 labor there  
 That called for all his  
 time and care—  
 Then skip half way  
 the span across  
 To splash into the  
 stream, a loss.  
 But work in air at  
 risk of neck  
 Does not the Brownie  
 courage check,  
 And in the mine or in  
 the cloud,  
 Of their condition they  
 are proud.  
 Said one, "There 's  
 pleasure in  
 the task

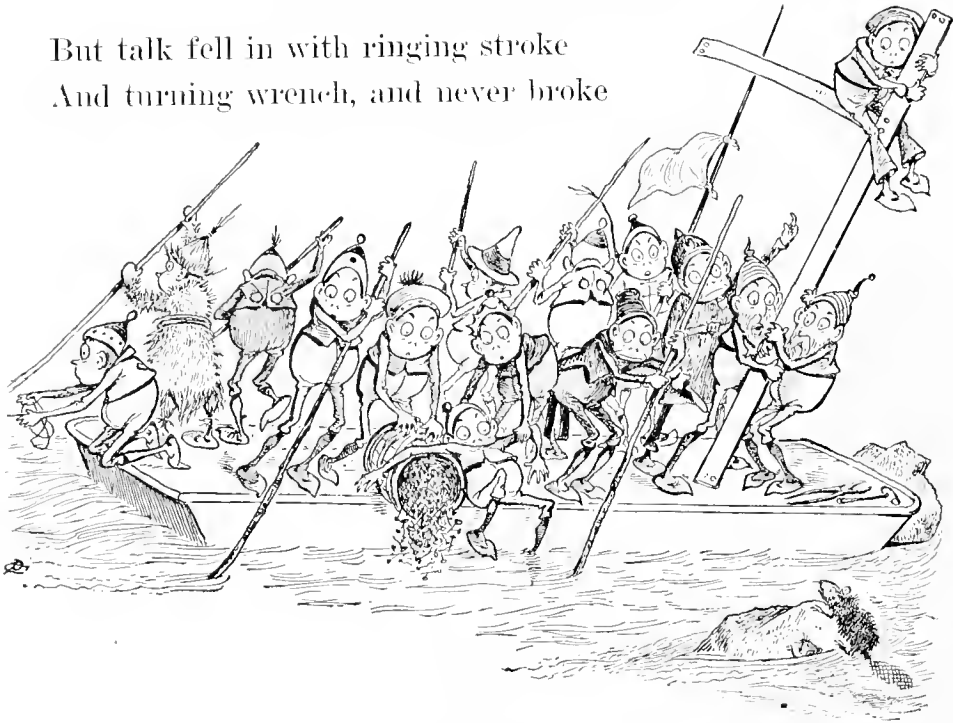
That gives folks aid before they ask;  
 'T is well to keep an open eye  
 To note a want or hardship nigh,

THE BROWNIES BUILD A BRIDGE.



For none can help from Brownies seek,  
And we must let our actions speak.  
So drive the bolt in overhead  
And turn the nut to tighter thread,  
We 'll give the people round a chance  
Across the swinging bridge to dance."

But talk fell in with ringing stroke  
And turning wrench, and never broke



Or checked the rush that was begun,  
And would keep up till all was done.  
And what the Brownies build will stay  
In spite of winds that round it play,  
And whistle in the loudest key  
As they come rushing from the sea.  
It took long ropes, a pull, a heave  
With mystic hands, one may believe,  
To check the sinking or the drift,  
And sections to their stations lift.  
How rivets found their proper place,  
And so, too, every rod and brace,  
Without mistake, or fuss or clatter,  
We 'll never know—but that 's no matter.



Uphold the name of  
him who fails,  
Lest yours be wanting  
in the scales.

THE BROWNIES BUILD A BRIDGE.

Then speed if ever was required  
To bring the finish they desired,  
Then blows were doubled, loads increased,  
And he did best who said the least.  
Some sections tumbled from the top  
And rod, and brace, together drop.  
And working tools—a perilous slip—  
That on the frame, still held their grip,  
And being steel, as now appears,  
Increased the Brownies' toil and fears.



Work on Sunday and  
you'll gain  
Weeks of labor all in  
vain.



'T was hard to swim against the tide  
With heavy pieces trailing wide,

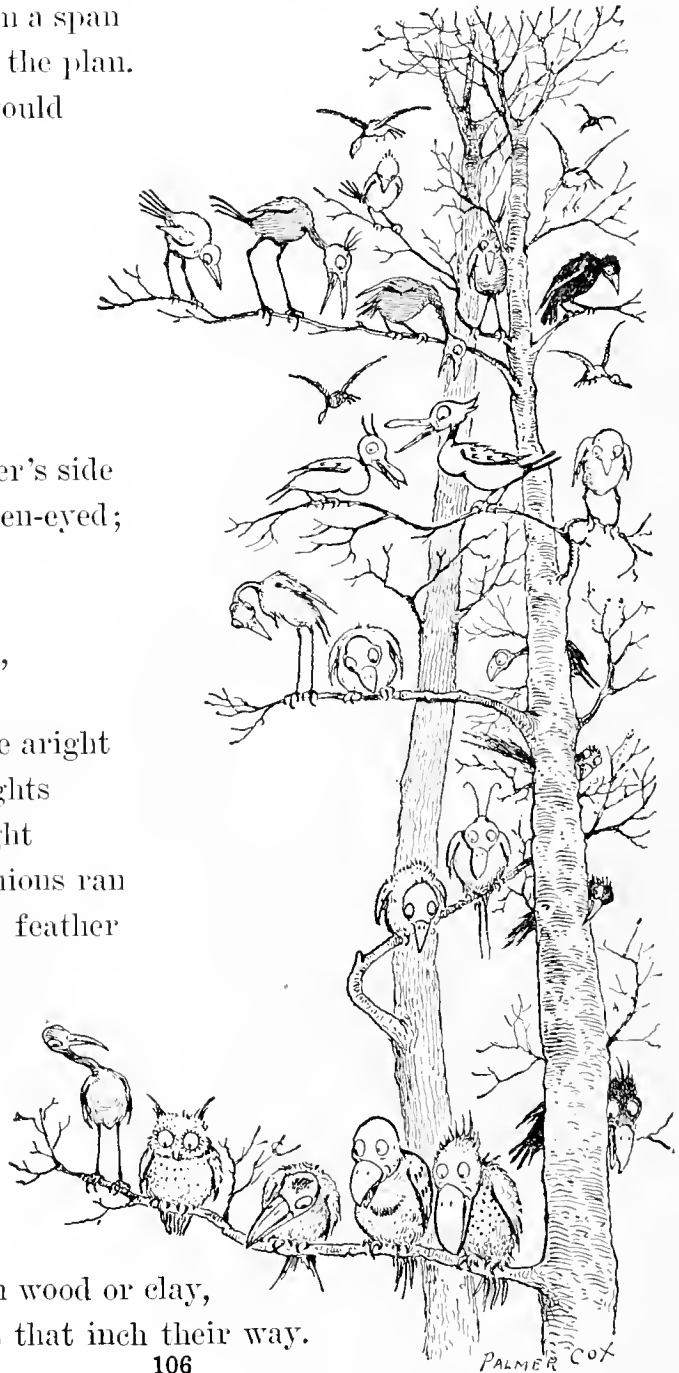
And long enough to form a span  
Of great importance in the plan.  
At times these pieces would  
    break loose  
And great confusion  
    would produce—  
And none could tell  
    where ruin ran  
Nor where it ended  
    or began.

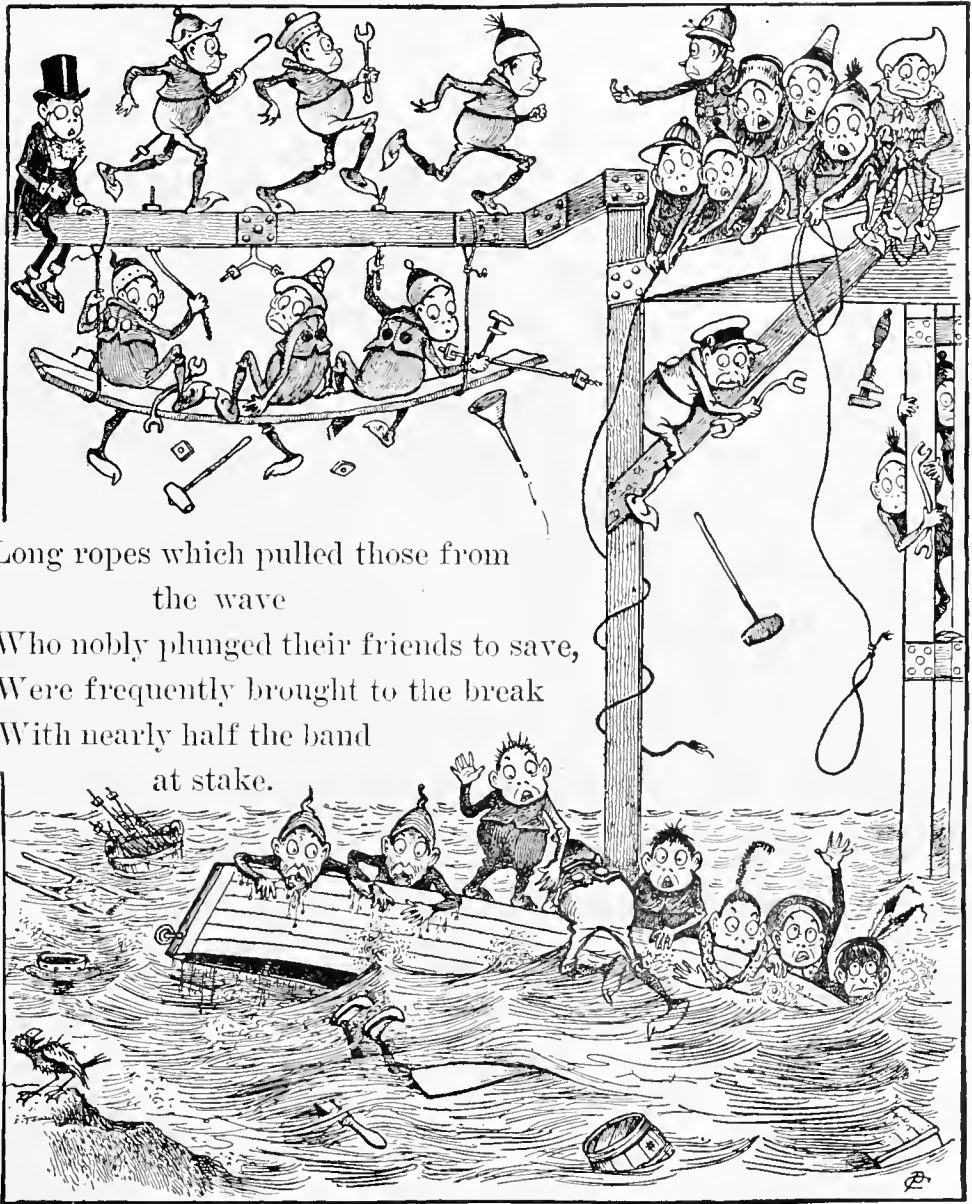
The birds along the river's side  
Sat on the branches open-eyed;  
No sleep brought rest  
    to beast or bird  
That watched the work,  
    the clamor heard.

If they could talk or we aright  
Could read their thoughts  
    't would give delight  
To learn just how opinious ran  
Among the furred and feather  
    clan;

Forgot were corn-  
    fields, frogs,  
    and peas,  
The mice, and  
    snakes, and  
    bumble-bees,

The grubs, and bugs in wood or clay,  
And measuring worms that inch their way.





Long ropes which pulled those from  
the wave  
Who nobly plunged their friends to save,  
Were frequently brought to the break  
With nearly half the band  
at stake.

The boat upset and left the crew  
Both drenched and frightened through and through,

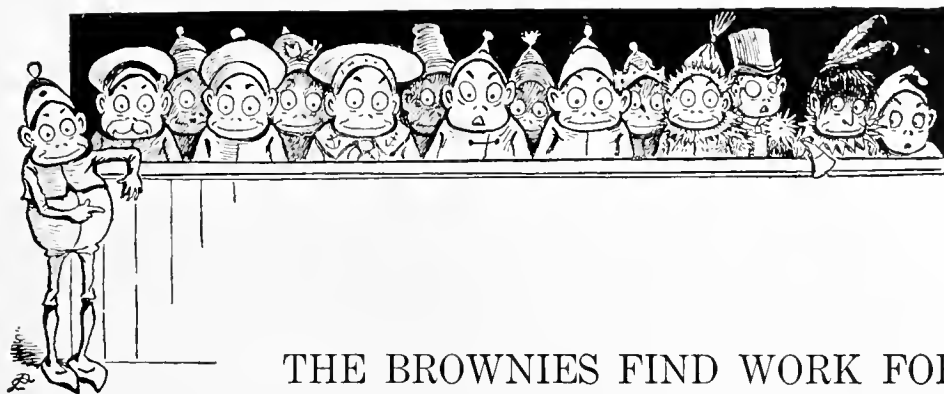
The cargo sinking out of sight  
But added to their pain and fright.  
The work went faster towards the close  
And from the chaos order rose.  
Old plans were found that showed aright  
How certain sections should unite,  
And tasks proved easy that before  
Upon their time and patience wore.  
A barge was brought that played a part  
Most sorely needed from the start  
And midway out, with anchors down,  
Upon their efforts placed the crown,  
For work from there was pushed ahead  
That to a finish quickly led.



Said one, between the stroke or strain,  
To those more given to complain,  
“What though we toil, what though we run  
To aid mankind till rise of sun?  
If blessings come from friendly act  
They fit the better through the fact.”







## THE BROWNIES FIND WORK FOR THE VETERINARY



gives a lift or start

To any enterprise or art,

Seems to the Brownie's helpful mind

A chance to benefit mankind.

'T was evening and the shade grew deep;

The watchman on his post, asleep,

Was drowsing, though the fine was high

If he fell under public eye;

The owl was hooting on the bough

To call his mate to notice how

The jolly moon began to spill

Her radiance o'er the distant hill.

When on the scene with faces bright

The Brownies gathered for the night,

They vowed the hours should not be lost

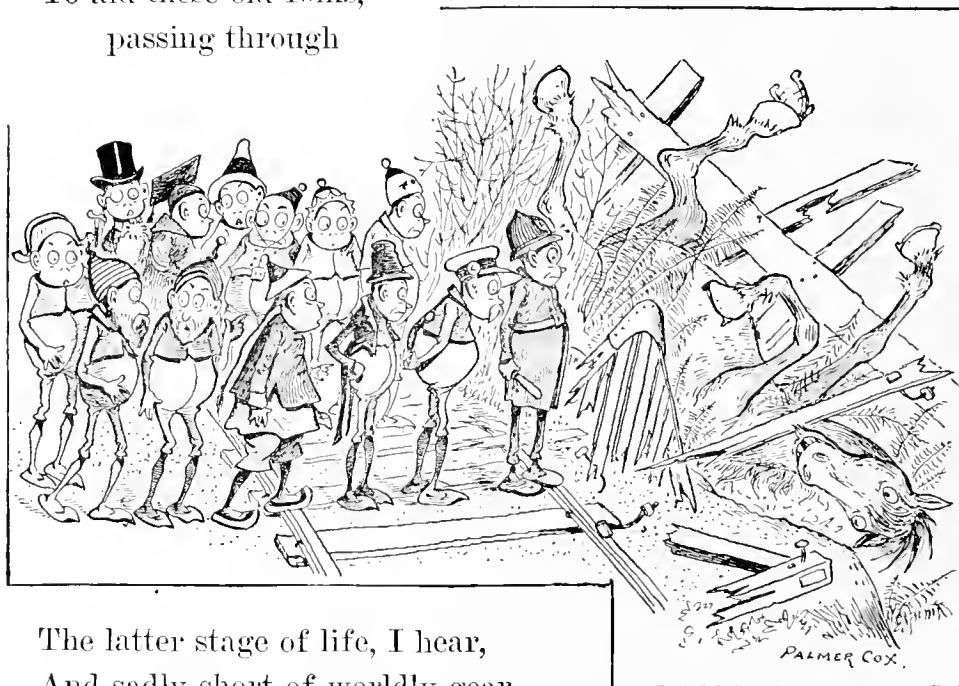
In moping round, at any cost.

Said one, "I noticed here to-day

A cottage where an old horse lay



Beside the road; and it seems plain  
She had been injured by a train;  
The locomotive from the back  
Just grazed her as she crossed the track."  
Another said, "I saw the same  
When I passed by. She's more than lame,  
And more than liniment she'll need  
To bring her to her former speed.  
An aged couple own the cot,  
And sore misfortune is their lot.  
It rests with us something to do  
To aid these old folks,  
passing through



The latter stage of life, I hear,  
And sadly short of worldly gear.

This broken creature which they own  
Is little more than skin and bone—

But still she had the strength to haul  
Them to the store or market-stall,  
And when the bell on Sabbath day  
Called them to church to kneel and pray,  
It was a chance they oft improved,  
Hoping their cares might be removed.



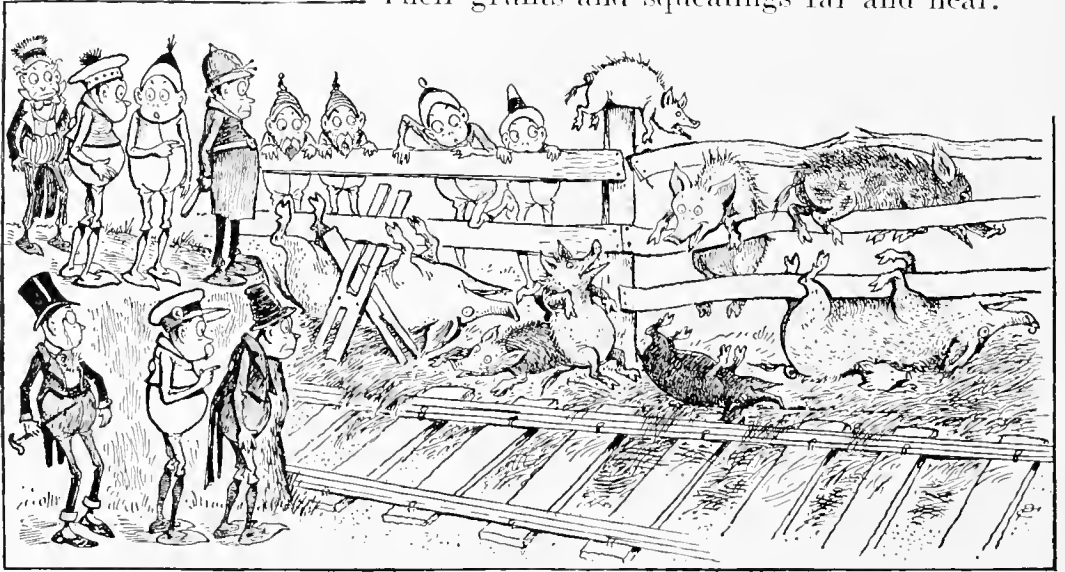
Twin colts, besides,  
a nobby pair,  
Who at the time were  
standing there,

(Without a fault, except a slack  
Idea of danger on the track,)  
Were injured also by the train,  
And suffered many a bruise and strain."



"And that 's not all," another said,  
"Some pigs nearby had made their bed  
And in the crash, as now is known,  
One lost some skin, one broke a bone;  
And if the horse has need of care,  
The swine no less should get their share;

And if you listen, you can hear  
Their grunts and squealings far and near.



'T is not, we find, a common case,  
And plasters seem quite out of place.  
Some cuts we may with linen bind,  
But more is needed, you will find.

'T is worse than scratches here or there,  
Or broken teeth, or loss of hair,

Our magic power we 'll have to give  
To help the wounded creatures live.  
Some chickens, too, that sat in rows  
Upon the fence to seek repose,  
Were hit by splinters, till the flock  
Were rendered helpless by the shock.  
We 'll pick them up and take them down,  
As best we can, to yonder town,

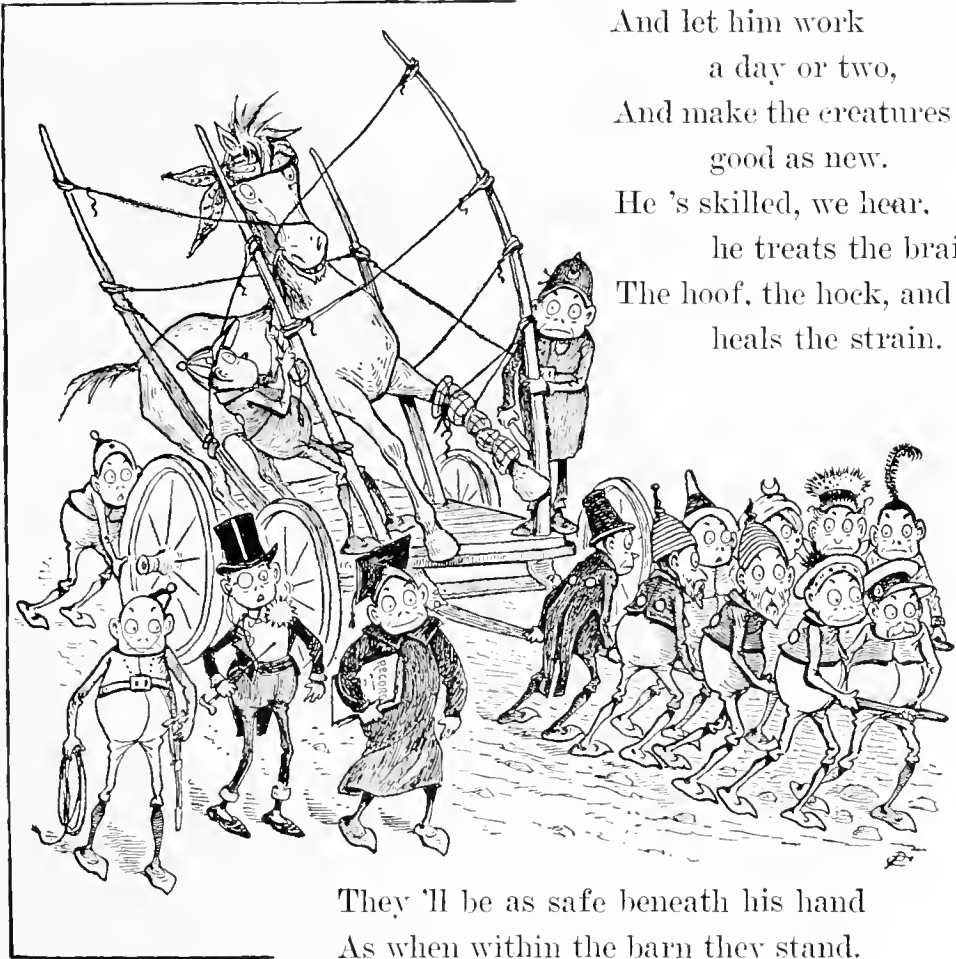


Let smiles spread wide  
until the frown  
Finds no place left to  
settle down.

And leave them stationed there before  
The veterinary's office-door;



And let him work  
a day or two,  
And make the creatures  
good as new.  
He 's skilled, we hear,  
he treats the brain,  
The hoof, the hock, and  
heals the strain.



They 'll be as safe beneath his hand  
As when within the barn they stand.

He knows what liniments can do;  
And what can start the hair anew;  
How to employ the splint, or cast  
To overcome the fracture fast;  
What applications, thick or thin,  
Will start another coat of skin;



Or what will bring the feathers fair  
Upon the fowl, though plucked so bare.”  
By chance a clothes-line, stretching nigh,  
Of cotton furnished a supply,

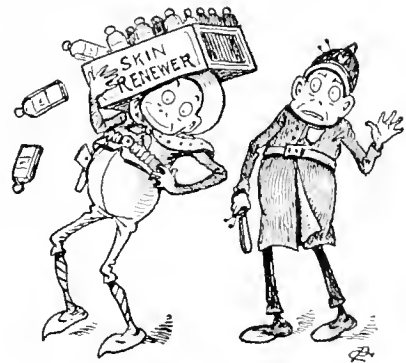


Which served for bandages and slings  
As well as could the proper things—  
For skill to tie, or tact to wind,  
Is not to mortal hands confined.  
First aid to injured man or beast  
Is knowledge which should be increased,  
And Brownies, through their mystic ways,  
Give us examples worth our praise.



Then from the warehouse and the store  
 All kinds of remedies they bore,  
 Sought out the shelves that might contain  
 The liniments for break or strain,  
 For loss of hair, and loss of hide,  
 And plumage scattered far and wide.  
 They took from those who could afford  
 It best, supplies that had been stored—  
 For greatest good in greatest need  
 Is part and parcel of their creed.

They handled all with heed, but still  
 Mishaps occurred, as oft they will.  
 For bottles, brittle at the best,  
 Discharged themselves without request,  
 And spread the liquid in demand  
 Without the help of screw or hand.  
 To move the caravan with care  
 Was work that gave each one  
 his share;



But without jar to broken bone,  
Or injury,  
so far  
as  
known,



The Brownies  
down the  
road  
and lane  
Moved with  
the victims of  
the train;

They 're not above the humblest deeds  
They think the situation needs;  
One mind in all, one purpose strong,  
To all lend aid, to none do wrong.  
And nothing in the field or fold  
They turn from with indifference cold.  
The burden may be great, indeed.

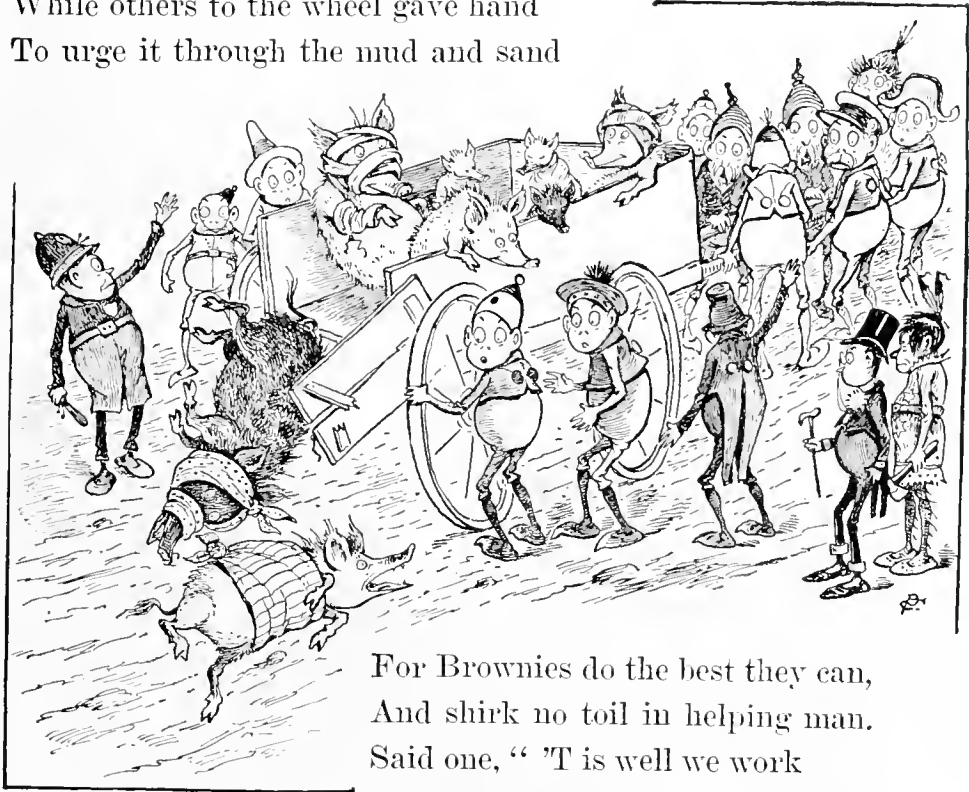


It often is, as  
one can read,  
But that 's a matter  
counted  
slight  
By such strange  
elves as  
Brownies bright.





Between the shafts some took their place  
And buckled fast the strap, or trace;  
While others to the wheel gave hand  
To urge it through the mud and sand



For Brownies do the best they can,  
And shirk no toil in helping man.  
Said one, " 'T is well we work  
at night,

For this would be a sorry sight

For nervous people, coming out  
Of doctor's offices about—  
The shock would surely give them pain,  
Or aching head, or dizzy brain,  
And all the treatment and advice  
Would go for nothing in a trice;  
But we have nerves that do not shake  
With sights at which the others quake,





And will not let our senses go  
Because of an unsightly show.  
Distress, wherever it is found,  
Will spread no pleasing halo round,

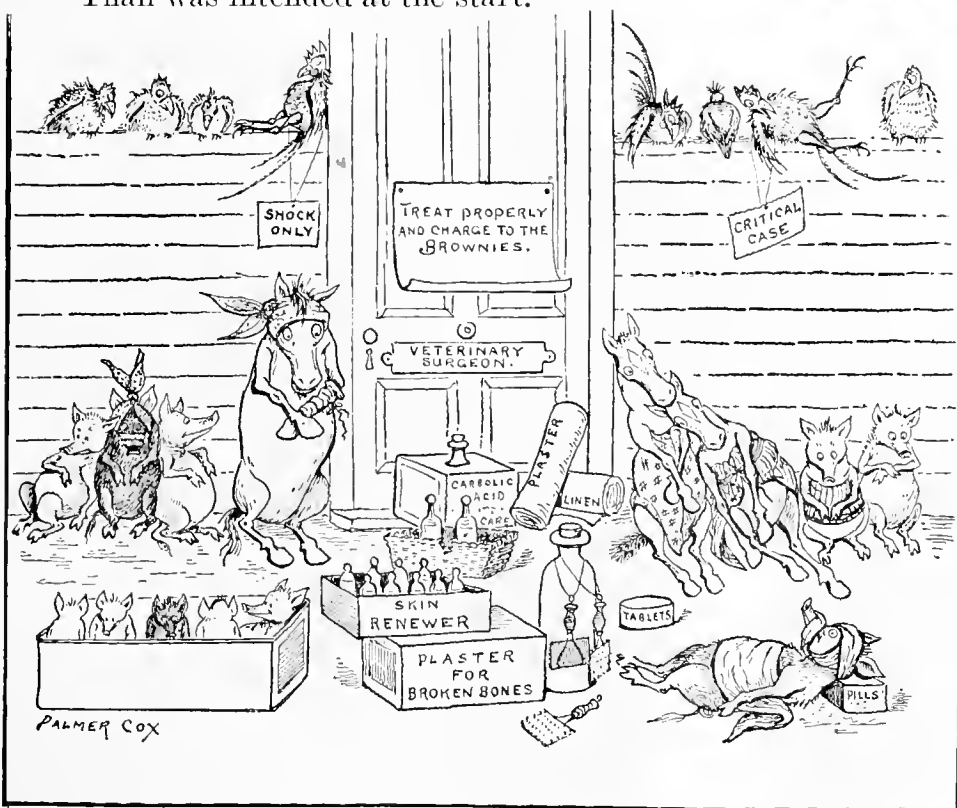
But we must do our part the same  
Or else forego the Brownie name."  
One trip did not suffice to bring  
The splintered bone or injured wing  
Of wretched creatures who had found  
A railroad bed was dangerous ground,  
And so repeated trips were made  
Between the village and the grade,

Where rushing wheels disturbed the sleep  
Of beast and bird with rapid sweep.  
But scant respect the creatures paid,  
And showed resistance to their aid,  
For though intentions were the best  
That could inspire an elfin breast  
The creatures never had been taught  
The finer lines of human thought,  
And saw injustice sharp and full  
In every bandage, push and pull.  
And some, in fact, were strong of head,  
Could not be coaxed, would not be led  
But took each touch or tumble there  
As something not upon the square.



'Twas well they fell in Brownie hands  
At such a time, when such demands  
Were made on patience, skill and care  
And kind forbearance everywhere.

And seldom through the roughest deal  
Was there occasion for a squeal,  
Though bruised of leg, or sore of hide  
The petting methods were denied  
When beasts ran counter to their aim  
And thus incurred the weight of blame.  
And Brownies played a sterner part  
Than was intended at the start.



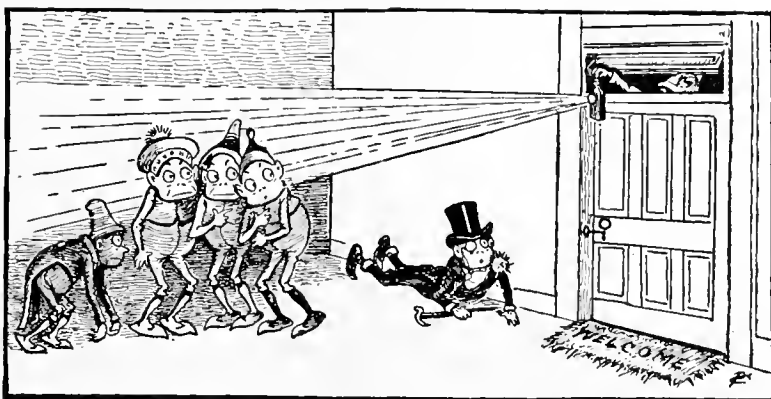
When Brownies move to work we find  
They have a finish in their mind,  
And vain is every kick and shift  
Against a supernatural gift.

The Brownies could not stay in town,  
 After they brought the creatures down;  
 They could not wait about, to see  
 What was the cure or remedy;  
 For soon the arrows of the sun  
 Forced elfin-folk to break and run.  
 But when the doctor next stepped out,  
 And saw the creatures ranged about,  
 Both old and young, too weak to stand,  
 And waiting for his skillful hand,



He picked his steps among the maimed,  
 With drugs, that close attention claimed,  
 From drops to brace the sinking heart  
 To those that give the hair a start,  
 And cried, "This is no common call.  
 The Brownie rogues have done it all!"





## THE BROWNIES AND THE ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANT

TOWN'S electric plant was bad,  
 'T was even worse, and made one sad  
 To think upon the dark and gloom  
 That nightly made the streets a tomb.

The bumps from trees and hitching posts,  
 That in the darkness loomed like ghosts,  
 Made people to their homes retreat,  
 Or with a lantern take the street.

When Brownies paused to look around  
 Upon this dark suburban ground,  
 Said one, "It matters not to us  
 That streets are badly lighted thus;  
 We 're like the beetle, bat,  
                     and owl,  
 When sun goes down, and  
                     creatures prowl,

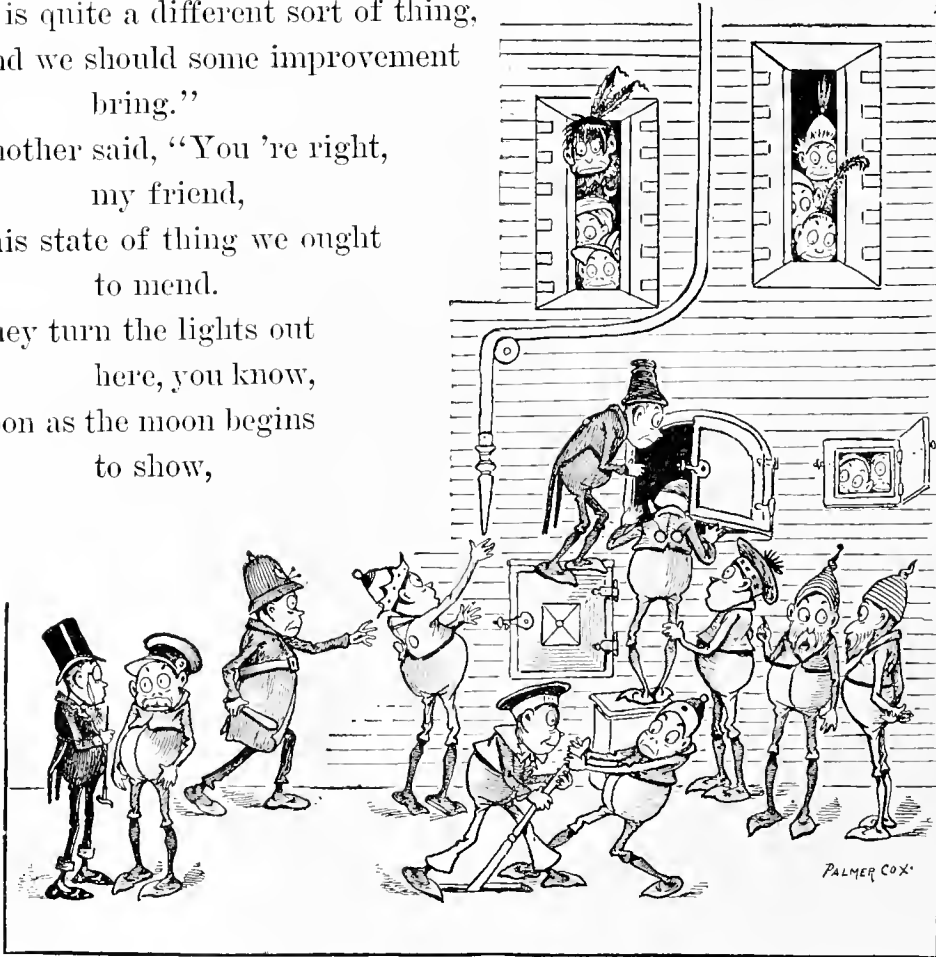


And night's black veil drops to its place  
To hide the smiles on nature's face.  
But to the folk who must obey  
A call to bedside, or to pay  
A friendly visit at the gate,  
Or catch a train that will not wait,

"T is quite a different sort of thing,  
And we should some improvement  
bring."

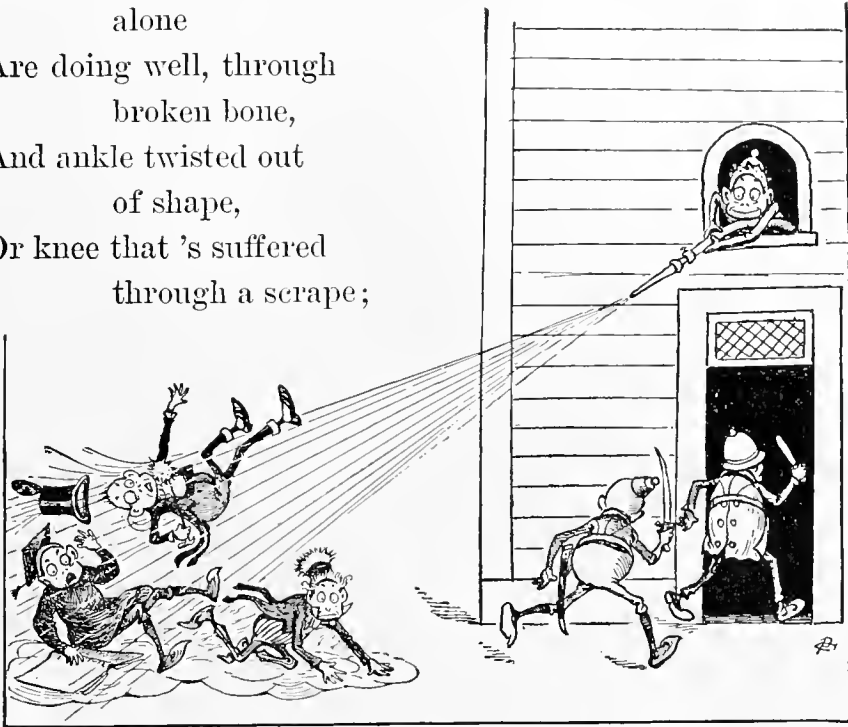
Another said, "You 're right,  
my friend,  
This state of thing we ought  
to mend.

They turn the lights out  
here, you know,  
Soon as the moon begins  
to show,

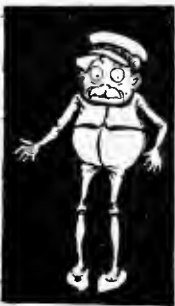


And through the month thus try to keep  
Expenses down, and profit reap.

The doctors of the town  
alone  
Are doing well, through  
broken bone,  
And ankle twisted out  
of shape,  
Or knee that 's suffered  
through a scrape;



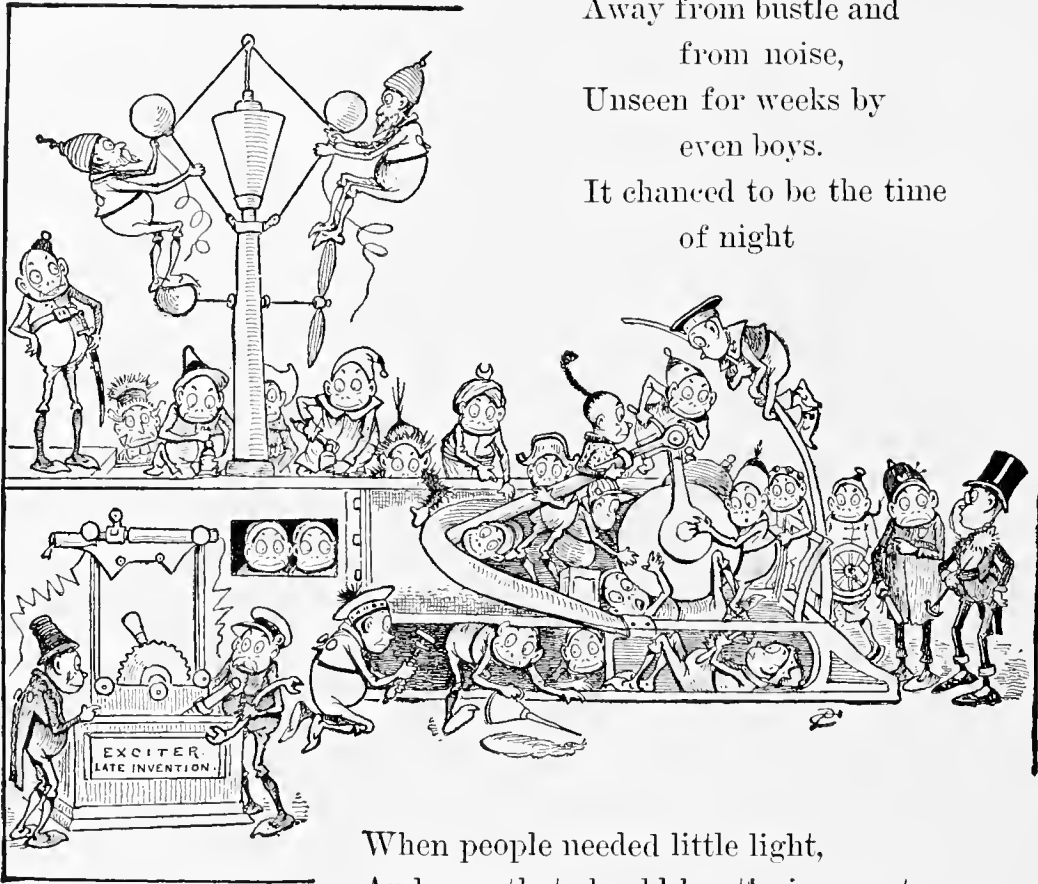
It is a common sight to see  
The surgeons treating two or three.  
Or four of those who badly fare  
When crossing bridge or street or square."



The planet here that  
hides its head  
In its own orbit cuts  
a spread.

"Well, knowing this, our duty's plain,"  
A third remarked. "At once we 'll gain  
An entrance to the plant below  
From which they draw this fitful glow,  
And learn what changes should be made—  
There 's much to do, I am afraid."  
They found the plant down in a nest  
Beside a stream, and small at best,

Away from bustle and  
from noise,  
Unseen for weeks by  
even boys.  
It chanced to be the time  
of night



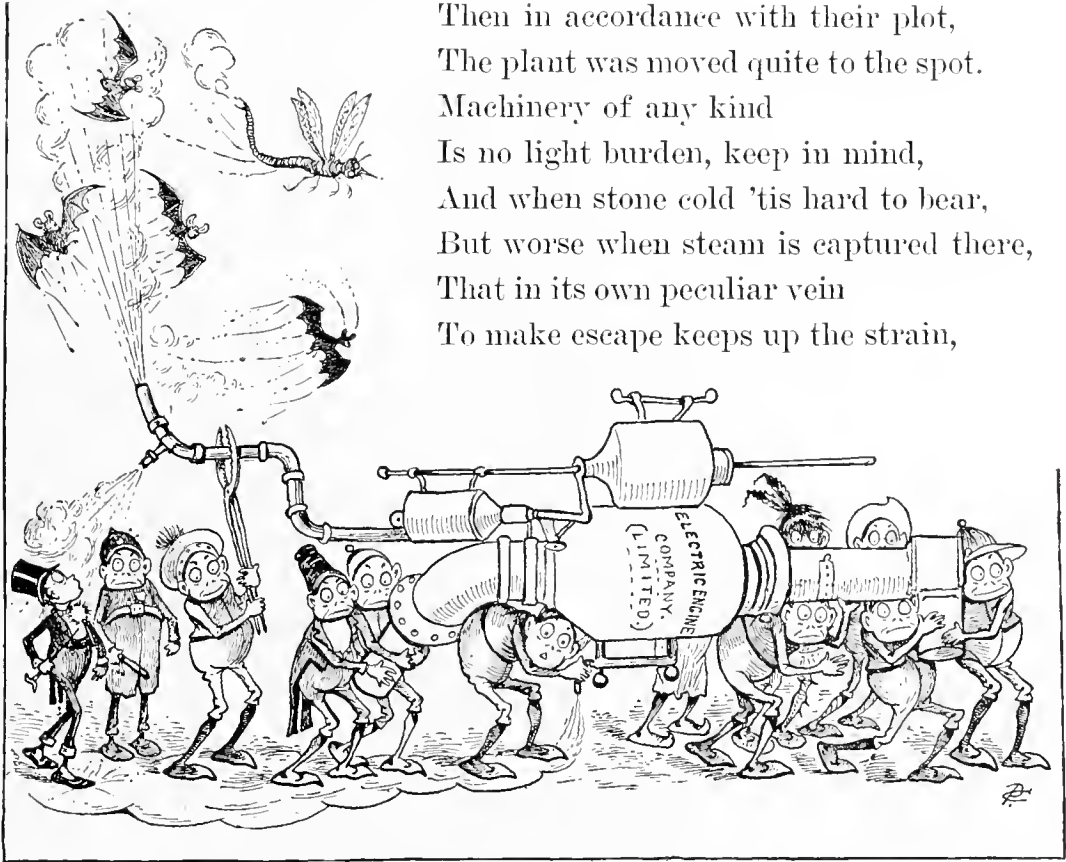
When people needed little light,  
And men that should be stirring most  
Were not that moment at their post,

Which served the Brownies' purpose well—  
But I must tell you what befell!  
Said one, "We 'll move the whole affair  
And plant it in the village square,  
Where citizens can step aside  
And look upon the plant with pride;  
While when the work 's completed right  
The town will have a better light."



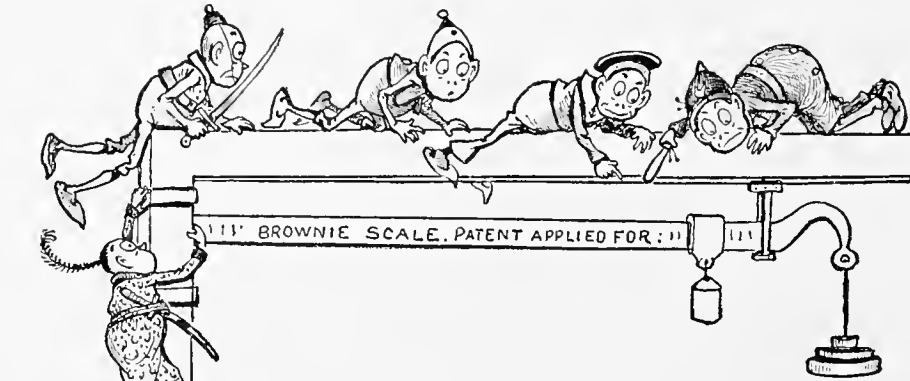


Then in accordance with their plot,  
The plant was moved quite to the spot.  
Machinery of any kind  
Is no light burden, keep in mind,  
And when stone cold 'tis hard to bear,  
But worse when steam is captured there,  
That in its own peculiar vein  
To make escape keeps up the strain,



And, if they had not mystic power,  
Some parts would at this  
                    very hour  
Be lying near the former  
                    place  
Instead of in the chosen  
                    space.  
We cannot stop at such  
                    a time  
To add more reason to the rhyme,



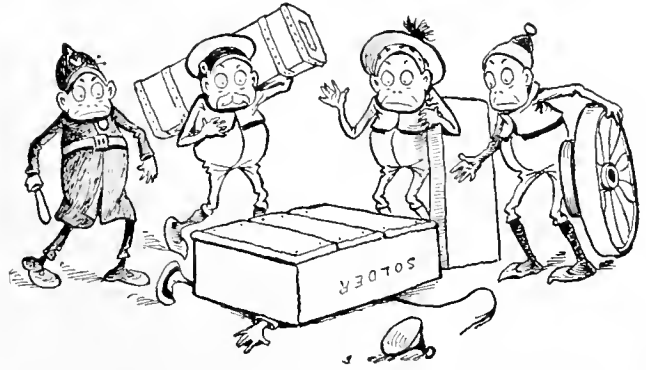


Or mention what was in the pile  
They had to move for half a mile.  
Upon the scales that near them lay  
They weighed themselves without delay  
And found that satisfaction great  
Which comes to all who learn their weight.



'T was heavier work, to which they set  
Their hands that night, than they had met

In months of  
rambling, high  
or low,  
To render aid  
where it  
should go.  
With brass, and steel,  
and iron, mixed  
'T was not a matter  
lightly fixed;



Few things they  
found that one  
could bear,  
And half a dozen  
took their  
share,  
Around the heavy  
burdens  
bent,



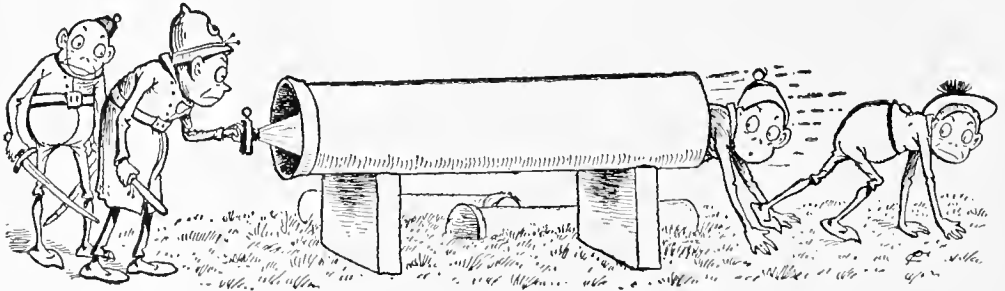
Before they smoothly  
onward went.  
To injure neither  
foot nor hand,  
Nor spread confusion  
through the band,  
Required their supernatural  
gift,  
The strength to pull,  
the brawn to lift.



The pillow block was not a weight  
To carry at a lively gait,



And shoulders stooped,  
and bodies bent,  
And all the band were tired and spent.  
Had people been out over-late  
And met them in their active state





I know not what they would  
have done—  
Perhaps they'd run and run  
and run!  
But if they had not second sight  
They could not see a single sprite,  
For Brownies may be there in rows,  
Or working at one's very nose,

And if the gift is not your own  
You simply move about alone.  
A building, serving well their need,  
That vacant stood was found with speed;  
And there the plant took form once more  
With all its parts as heretofore.  
To plant machinery in place  
Takes sense and skill in every case,  
The wheels must true and level lie,  
The belt around the pulley fly,



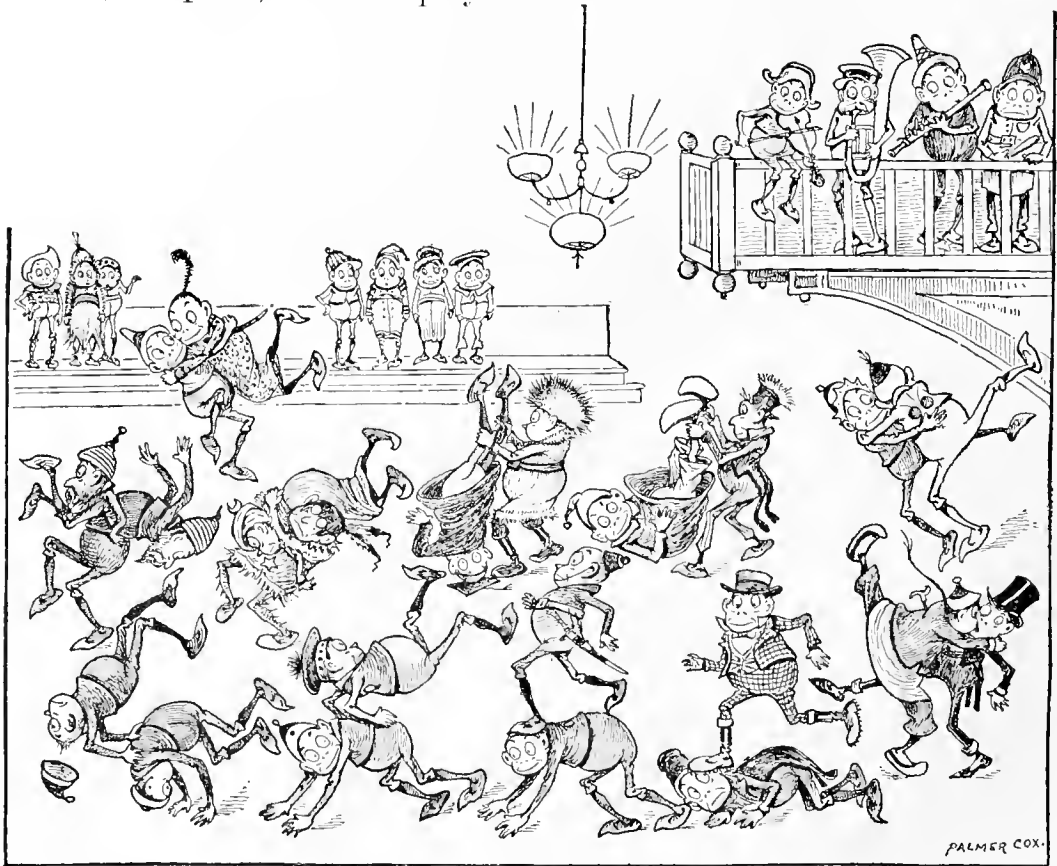
'T is good indeed to  
bend the knee,  
But let the hands and  
head agree.



*A Ride on the belt.*

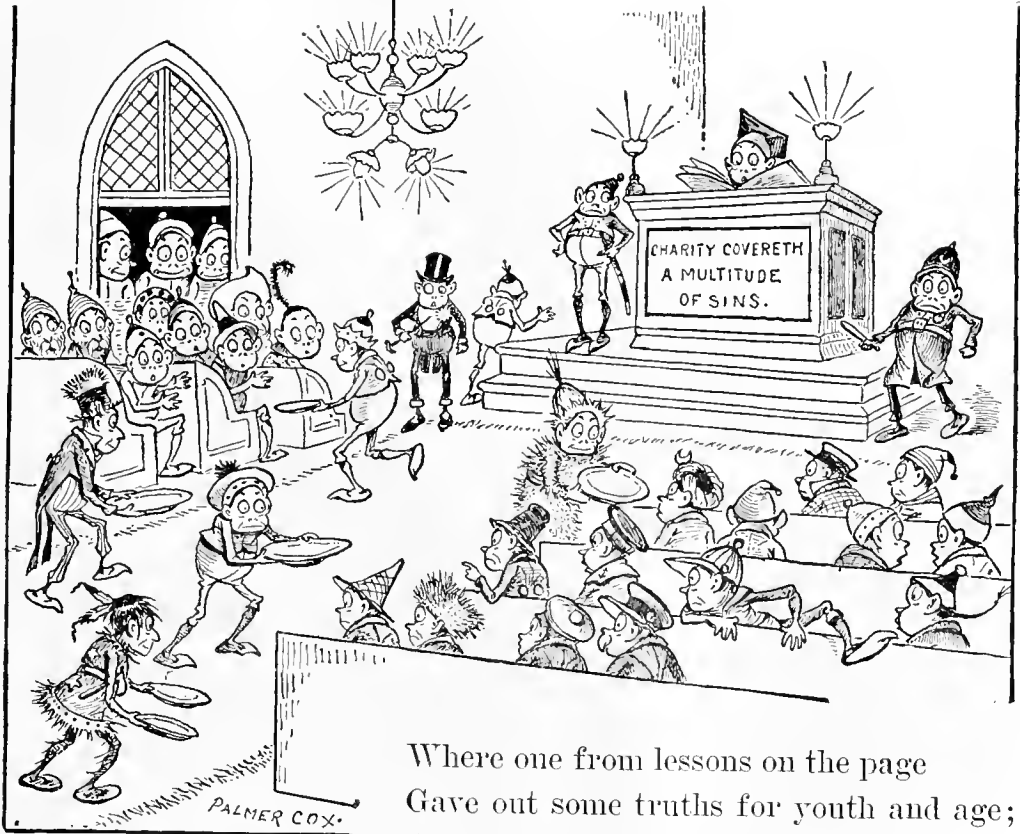
And keep its place upon the shaft  
Or there 'll be trouble fore and aft.  
Long before day, for Brownies' powers  
Seemed doubled with the passing hours,

The plant was ready for the touch  
Of those who understood how much  
To pull the lever, and improve  
Their chance to see things quickly move.  
Before they took their homeward way,  
To try the plant, and to display



The light in streets and lecture halls  
And rooms designed for fairs and balls,  
They had so excellent a chance  
Some practised at the latest dance;

In churches old they tried  
the light  
At darkest watches of  
the night,

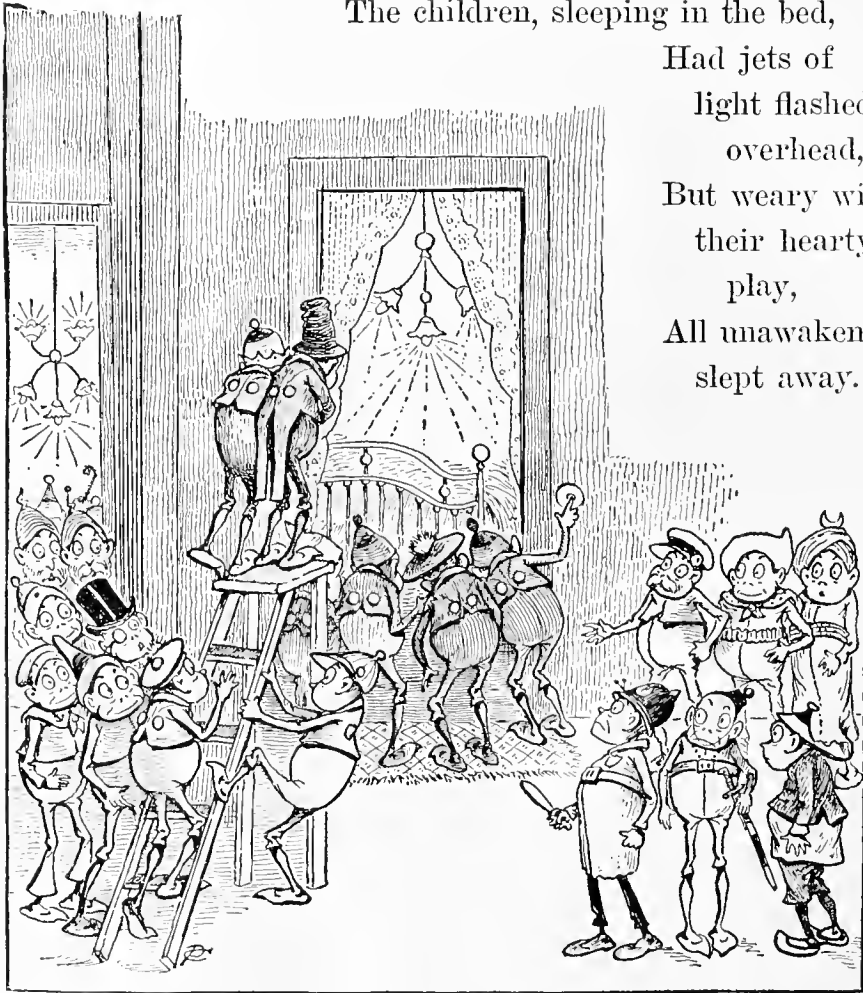


Where one from lessons on the page  
Gave out some truths for youth and age;  
And others laughter did create  
By promptly passing round the plate.

But little change the Brownies bear  
About their clothes, to church or fair,  
And empty platters brought no haul  
For Foreign Fund, or local call.



The children, sleeping in the bed,  
Had jets of  
light flashed  
overhead,  
But weary with  
their hearty  
play,  
All unawakened,  
slept away.

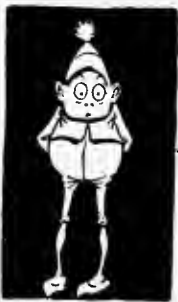


The cellar stairs and  
way to roof,  
Of perfect work gave  
dazzling proof,  
And in the pantry, all  
the shelves  
Showed brightly to the  
hungry elves



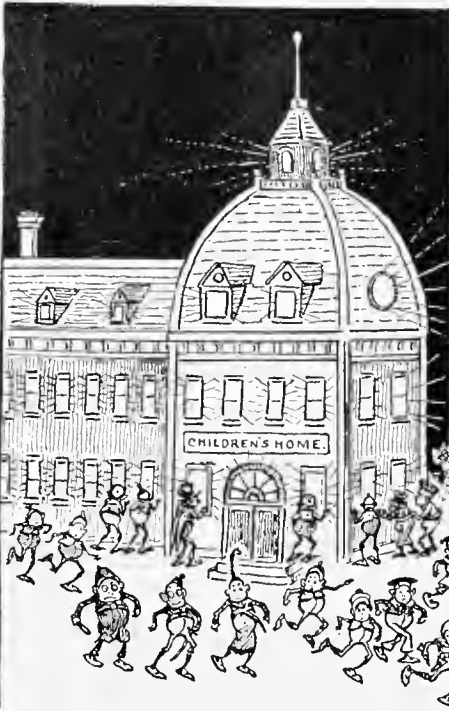


The things to eat, or harbor well  
Till company should ring the bell;  
The cake, the jam, preserves, and pie  
Were temptingly spread to the eye.  
The night was long, and hunger keen,  
And it was hard to quit the scene;



Men wield a sword to  
save a king,  
And after from a gal-  
lows swing.

Sometimes, temptations prove too strong  
For those who wish to do no wrong,  
And even Brownies sometimes yield  
When richest dainties are revealed;  
But though they looked at pie and cake,  
And criticised the size and make,  
And talked of jelly, jam and tart  
And cooking as a vital art,  
They broke no crust, and crumbed no floor,  
But left things as they were before.



The Children's Home they  
tried the last,  
Before the night was  
fully passed,  
And from the base to  
greatest height,  
It showed up like  
a beacon light,  
And well they knew no little tot  
Need grope in darkness to its cot.

Then, as the dawn began  
to spread  
Along the east its streaks  
of red,  
And drowsy fowls, that  
under thatch  
Would rather rest than  
rise and scratch,

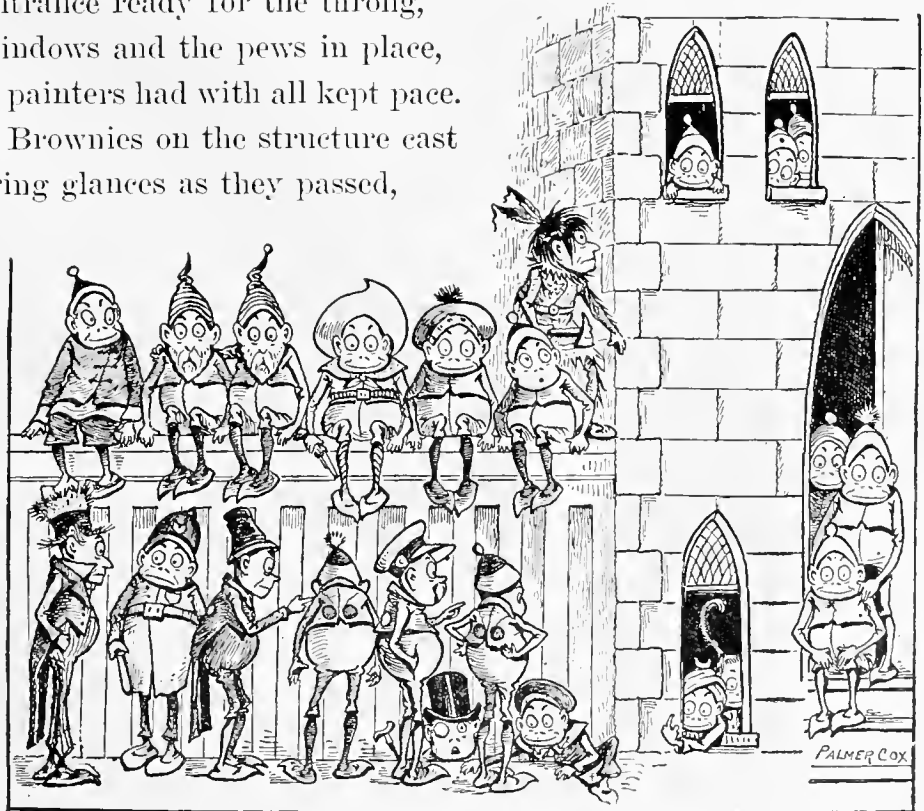


And nearby roosters, wakeful long,  
Were crowing lustily and strong,  
The Brownies with a cautious mind  
Soon left the waking town behind.



## THE BROWNIES' CHRISTMAS BELLS

CHURCH was built, or nearly so,  
In styles of churches long ago.  
Upon the hill it stood alone,  
The walls were laid of brick and stone,  
The roof aslant with rafters long,  
The entrance ready for the throng,  
The windows and the pews in place,  
While painters had with all kept pace.  
When Brownies on the structure cast  
Inquiring glances as they passed,



Said one: "Though all seems done below  
There 's something lacking, as we know,  
For in that belfry on the crest  
No bell as yet has found a rest."

Another said: "As Christmas Day  
Is nigh at hand, we 'll quit our play  
And do our part with Brownie zeal,  
So bells may ring their merry peal.  
A foundry near with some in store  
Will be the place we 'll now explore,



The pistol pops, and  
who must die?  
The hapless stranger  
passing by.



And when the midnight  
comes about

Our chimes will ring  
a welcome out."

The foundry sure enough  
was found

Where brazen bells were  
standing round;

Some just from moulds, both large and small,  
More fixed with clapper, crank and all,  
And ready for their final home  
In humble spire or shining dome.

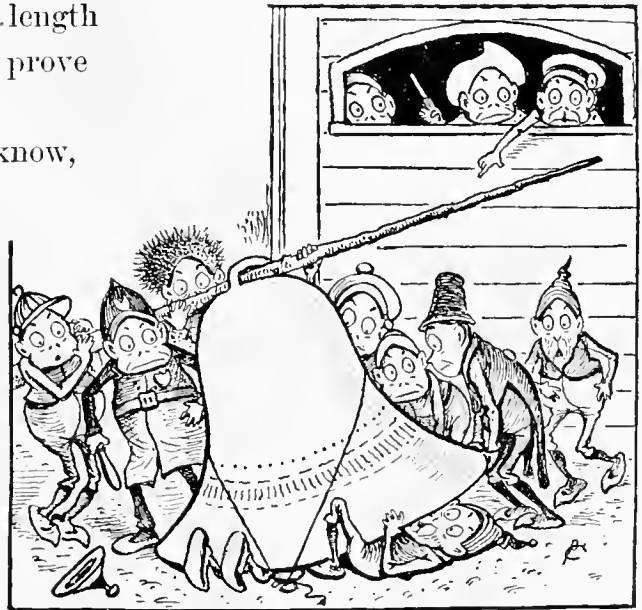
By halves the Brownies nothing do,  
They work with zest and carry through  
The plans complete they have in sight,  
However short may be the night.  
And now, although one sounding bell  
Could summon all the people well,  
A perfect chime of sweetest tone  
Would satisfy the band alone.





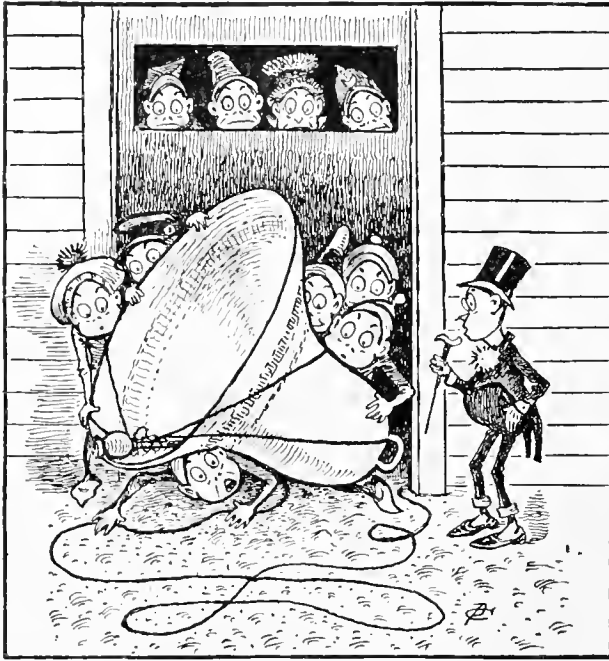
Those knowing best the  
Brownie way  
Will not be doubting,  
when we say  
Some bells were from  
the foundry rolled  
Before the metal quite  
was cold,

Or carried off on poles of length  
Where many sprites could prove  
their strength  
In such a hurry, one may know,  
There were surprises,  
high and low;  
And Brownies, who to  
help essayed,  
Were more a hindrance  
than an aid.  
Across the bridge, and  
past the mill,  
To reach the church  
upon the hill



They made their way with stoop and crawl,  
And painful stumble, too, and fall.  
The bells were muffled with all care,  
So not a sound broke on the air,  
As through the town the cunning band  
Proceeded with the work in hand.  
At times, in spite of every art,  
A steep decline would give a start;





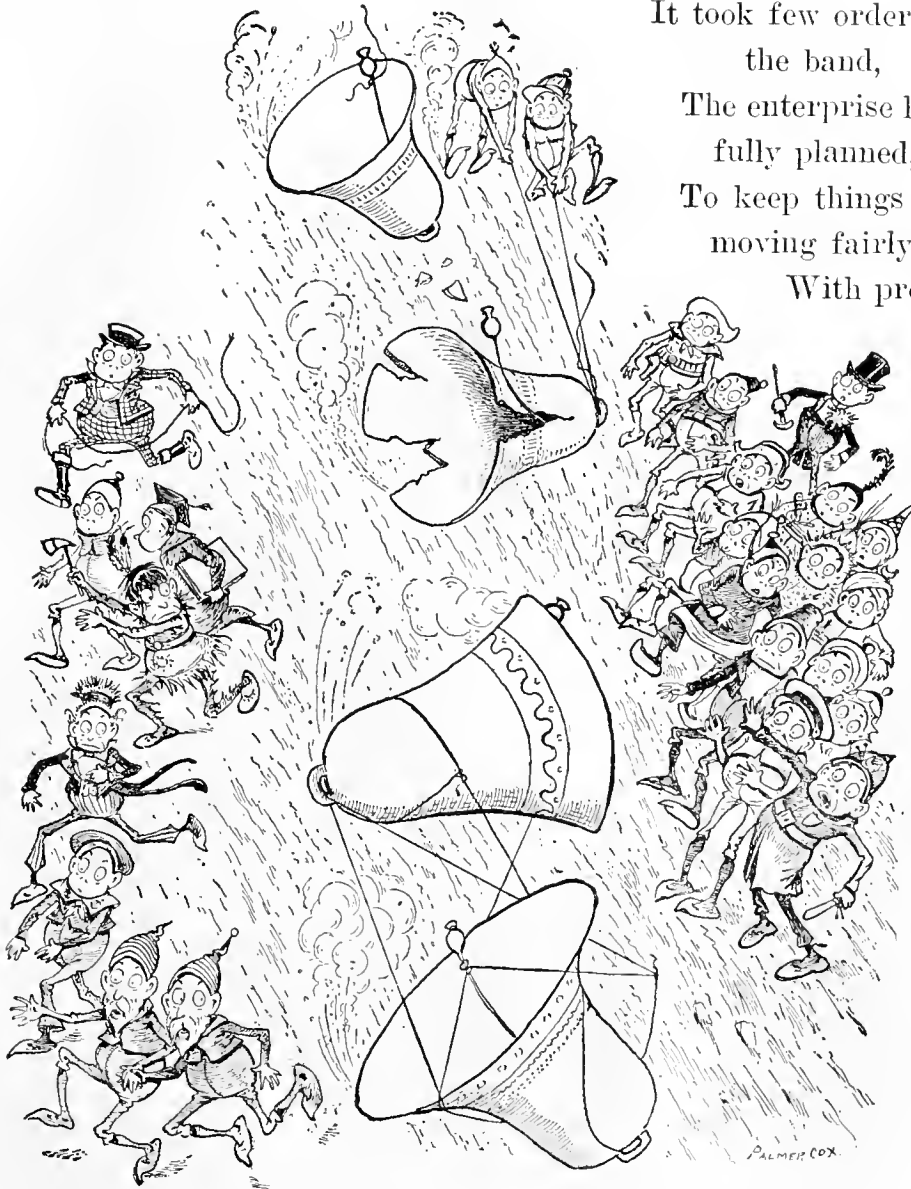
They feared the bells  
downhill would roll  
If of their loads  
they lost control.  
And it was well the  
Brownies' speed  
Was equal to their  
pressing need,  
Though wild the whirl  
and steep the hill,  
They kept their wits  
about them still,  
And shouted loud to  
clear the way,  
For started once, they  
could not stay.

One must see Brownies in a plight  
To understand their nature right,  
And note how skillfully is laid  
The plan, that all may render aid.  
To reach the

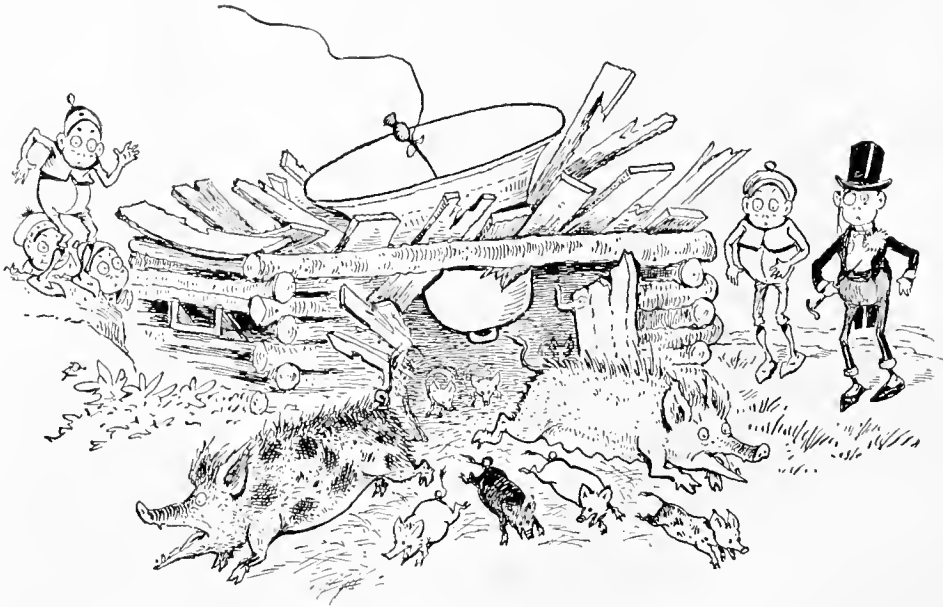
building brought  
a strain,  
That proved the  
nerves as well  
as brain;  
For hasty action  
tries the best,  
No matter of  
what strength possessed.



It took few orders, for  
the band,  
The enterprise had  
fully planned,  
To keep things  
moving fairly fast  
With promise of  
success  
at  
last.



The task looked hard enough, but all  
Their burdens carried to the wall.  
But that seemed play, when they began,  
With rope and chains that upward ran



To hoist the bells by pull and pry  
To stations in the belfry high.  
Said one: "We 've gone too far, I fear,  
To risk our necks on timbers here,  
To put a bunch of bells in place  
To please the thankless human race,

Who oft are slow to do  
their share—

Though others toil,  
they do not  
care."

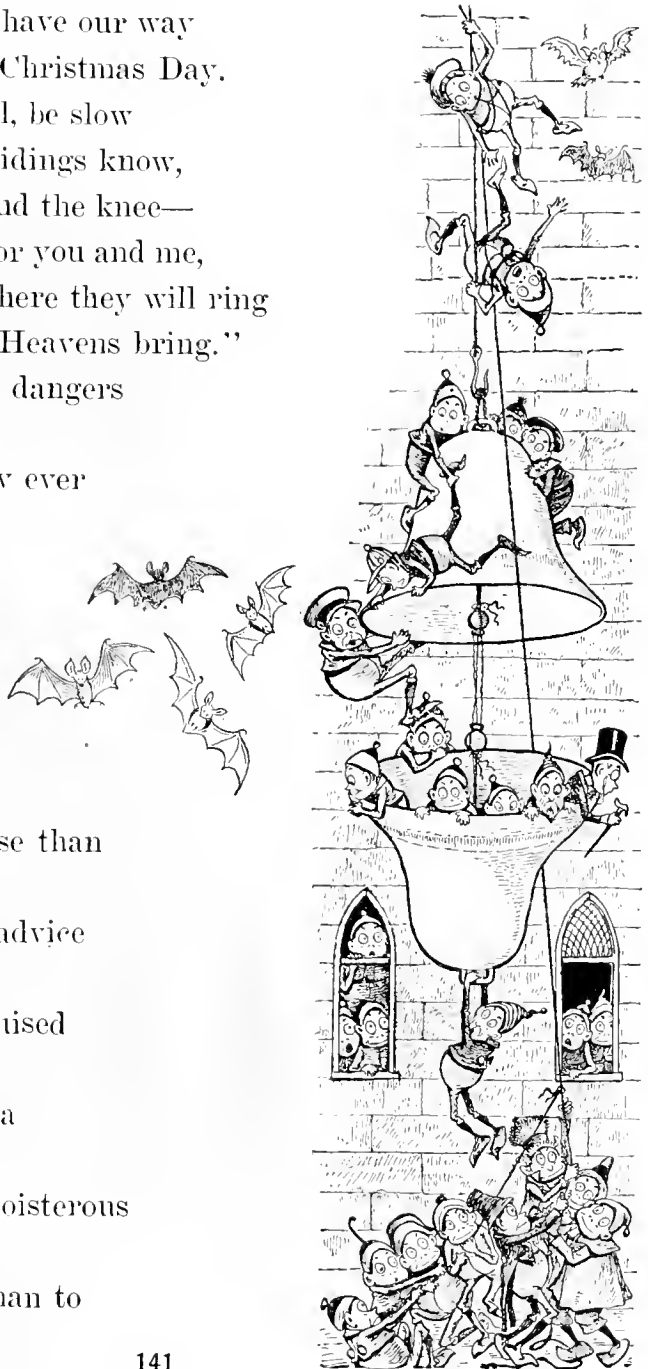
Another said:

"Be slow to  
scold,  
Or criticise, but  
keep your hold.





Within an hour we 'll have our way  
And welcome ring to Christmas Day.  
Let people, if they will, be slow  
To hear the call, the tidings know,  
Or quite neglect to bend the knee—  
The task 's the same for you and me,  
To place these bells where they will ring  
And echoes from the Heavens bring.”  
Then dangers low and dangers  
    high  
Were in their pathway ever  
    nigh,  
For some were  
    quick the ropes  
    to strain,  
While more were  
    slow their place  
    to gain,  
And could do little else than  
    cling  
And take what cheer advice  
    could bring.  
The sailor who has cruised  
    around,  
For forty years the sea  
    and sound,  
Will calmly face the boisterous  
    air  
That sends the landsman to  
    his prayer.



Thus sprites that many  
     dangers meet  
 Are somewhat  
     slow to own  
     defeat.  
 So one by one,  
     through mystic  
     sleight,  
 The bells were  
     hoisted to the height



Where far above foundation stones  
 They blended their melodious tones.  
 It took some knowledge of the stroke  
 To shun the dirge for burying folk,  
 And ring glad peals to wake the earth,  
 And call to mind the Glorious Birth.  
 In ways peculiar to the band  
 They rang the bells with willing hand.  
 In fact it caused no little smart  
 That all could not at this take part,  
 For every hand was itching there  
 A portion of the task to bear,

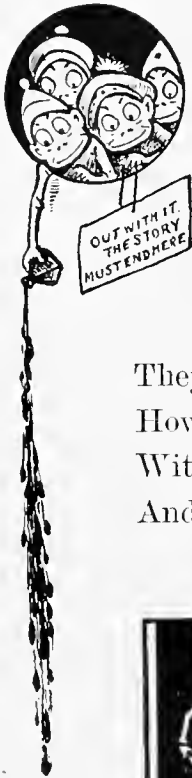


But those must toll who knew the rules,  
 Set by ecclesiastic schools,  
 And as the clock proclaimed the time,  
 From out the belfry pealed a chime  
 That made the sleeper lift his head  
 And leap in wonder from the bed.  
 Not till that night, o'er valley wide,  
 Or up the wooded mountainside,

Was such a pleasing story told  
To charm the ear of young and old.  
Amazement spread, still rising higher,  
As joyous notes broke from the spire,  
And trembled on the midnight clear  
That happy tidings all must hear.  
It meant not war, with striving fraught,  
Too sweet the sound for such a thought.

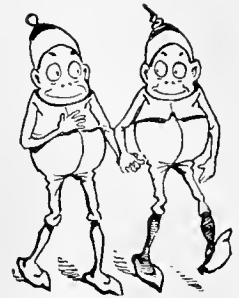


The well timed tap,  
that told so much,  
Proved knowledge was  
behind the touch,  
The pull at intervals,  
so stout,  
Told what instruction  
can bring out,  
While no wild discord,  
hard to hear,  
Was forced upon  
the troubled ear.  
Within their stalls  
the cattle rose,  
The horses neighed,  
the story goes,  
The fowl upon their  
roost awoke  
And crowed, upon  
the earliest  
stroke,



While children questions asked that none  
Could answer at the rise of sun.  
And though in haste men gained the hill,  
When they arrived, the church was still.  
The sound had hardly died away  
From largest bells, the foremost say,  
Still not a cunning Brownie sprite  
Around the building was in sight.

They marveled at the wonder great—  
How came those bells of size and weight  
Within that belfry, high in air,  
And not a human being there.



One, single-handed,  
much may do  
But devils shake when  
facing two.







# The Queen Silver-Bell Fairy Books

By Frances Hodgson Burnett

Here are four books, each one different, yet each having as a background the same Silver-Bell, the fairy queen, and each having hidden deep within its folds of fancy and humor and color a little moral as to keeping one's temper or loving the flowers or caring for the birds or having kind thoughts in general. The tales are half fairy and half nature, but wholly sweet and refreshing.

The author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has never written anything more charming than the Silver-Bell books, of which these are the titles:

**The Spring Cleaning**  
**The Cozy Lion**  
**Queen Silver-Bell**  
**Racketty-Packetty House**

Each book is illustrated by Mr. Harrison Cady in a sympathetic way that is as appealing as the text, and all the pictures are printed in the original colors.

*Bound in blue cloth, with cover picture in color. Price, each, 60 cents.*

**THE CENTURY COMPANY**



